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Raiders of the Lost Ark

America's Mayors
The Politics of Survival

Ed Koch
Of New York

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JUNE 15, 1981 Vol. 117 No. 24

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Newspapermen of 50 years ago were a restless bunch, moving from city to city in search of fresh stories, better pay and more congenial saloons. Today journalists are less peripatetic, but they still visit almost as many cities as traveling salesmen. This gives them a special feeling for the joys and problems of urban living, a perspective that came in handy when reporting this week's cover story. Correspondent Robert Geline, who has lived in Paris, Washington, D.C., San Francisco and Philadelphia, puts Ed Koch at the top of his list of city wonders. Geline first reported on New York's flamboyant mayor in 1977, and spent a 13-hour day with him for the cover story. Says he: "If you can't afford a Broadway show, go down to city hall and catch an Ed Koch press conference. It's just about the best theater in town."

BURTON BERINSKY

Rosenblatt and Geline in Manhattan

Photographer Neil Leifer, who joined TIME in 1978 after 17 years at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, has toted his camera bag to virtually every American city on the map. Staying in his home town for this week's story, Leifer bird-dogged Koch, snapping him at public appearances, getting him out on a tugboat for the cover portrait and even snaring him as he shaved at home. The result was a revealing examination of an American politician in action. Says Leifer: "I always thought that Muhammad Ali was the best subject I'd ever have. But Koch would give him a run for his money any day." The only problem in their extended working relationship came during a sunset photo session atop the RCA Building. "The mayor was very cooperative but obviously nervous," Leifer says. "I had positioned him at the edge of the building overlooking the entire city. It was only later that I found out he was afraid of heights."

Senior Writer Roger Rosenblatt, a native New Yorker, lived in Washington, D.C., for seven years, then moved to Vermont in search of bucolic bliss. A year later he decided to find bliss in a borough —Manhattan, that is. His conclusion: "Country life is a wonderful thing to think about—especially from the vantage point of 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue." Rosenblatt, who wrote last year's story on the nation's capital, spent time with Mayor Koch on the job and at Gracie Mansion to prepare for this week's cover. Says he: "Everything one reads about Koch—that he's driven, combative, honest—he noisily verifies in person. New York will never get a mayor more like itself."

John a. Meyer

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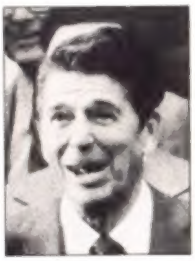

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Letters

The Pope

To the Editors:

Shooting a world leader and a man of God has got to be the greatest shame for mankind [May 25]. All the Pope did was condemn violence and hate among us.

Misael C. Balayan
Cheyenne, Wyo.

How ironic that the Pope was able to survive the brutality of a war and a Communist regime, only to be nearly silenced by an assassin's bullet.

Mary Sue Timar
Toledo

I believe in the Pope's words to the U.N.: "Man has a destiny beyond the grave."

I only hope that he is given an opportunity to finish his much needed assignments here on earth. If the '80s are going to be a time for terrorists, they should also be a time for survivors.

Dave L. Guenin
Oshkosh, Neb.

Whom do they shoot next? If God himself were riding in a motorcade, some nut would take a pot shot at him.

Randy Johnson
Santa Clara, Calif

To describe Mehmet Ali Agca as a terrorist is to grant to him and other murderers a panache that tends to add fascination to their inhuman outrages. There is another name for terrorism. It is evil. Those who are in its grip relentlessly seek out the best among us for destruction.

Joan M. Forde
Chestnut Hill, Pa.

Many assassins admit they kill for publicity. Consequently, the media should observe an anonymity law. Do not identify them or their cause. Deny them the exposure they get for trying to kill a public leader. This may violate free press, but it protects human life, which should take precedence.

(The Rev.) Edward M. Foster
Crosslake, Minn.

When I heard that my blood type is the same as that of John Paul II's, I decided to donate a pint of my blood in the Pope's behalf. As a German Jewish victim of Nazi persecution, I have little in common with the Pope, except a passionate desire for peace—and a common blood type.

Peter E. Engler
Berkeley Heights, N.J.

Sick Social Security

Social Security [May 25] is nothing more than a system of robbing Peter to pay Paul. The only question is: Whom will they rob to pay Peter?

Elliott ("Peter") Oring
Santa Rosa, Calif.

If U.S. tax laws were designed to provide economic incentives to save for the future, most U.S. retirees would probably support themselves, abolishing a need for Social Security.

Steven Schwartz
Madison, Wis.

I am 23 years old, make just over $10,000 a year and pay nearly as much Social Security as I do federal income tax. I don't mind paying taxes, but to give my money to a program seemingly doomed to collapse just isn't American. I welcome President Reagan and his new programs.

Thomas P. Hagstrom
Rapid City, S. Dak.

Why has no one suggested that we return to the basic concept of Social Security retirement payments in which only those who have earned them receive them? On the contributing side of the coin, all workers are equal. On the receiving side, some are more equal.

Martial C. Esparros
Bell, Calif.

Lebanon's Fate

Ruthless neighbors are devouring Lebanon's remains, while we fail to give assistance [May 25]. What a shame, especially since democratic Lebanon shares our values.

John H. Trade
Puteaux, France

I fled Lebanon in 1975. Since then, nothing has changed. The country is tired of cosmetic solutions. It needs major surgery: outright partition.

Varoujan Barsoumian
Alesund, Norway

Refreshing News

As a layman with a longstanding interest in ecclesiastical architecture, I found James Wilde's "In New York: Mortar and the Cathedral" [May 25] encouraging. It is refreshing to know that men are willing, even eager, to contribute to a monument whose completion is tentatively 30 years away.

R. Thomas Lutzy
Arlington, Mass.

Post-Funnies

Richard Corliss's analysis in "Comedy's Post-Funny School" [May 25] gives Tomlin, Martin, Kaufman, *et al.*, more credit than they deserve.

Virtually all got big breaks and publicity on popular TV shows, and nearly all ran out of material a year or so later. Since they're seldom funny any more, they settle for merely acting strange.

Charles Rich
Silver Spring, Md.

Frivolous Art

One cannot disagree with Robert Hughes' claim that viewing 19th century German art may be instructive [May 25]. Yet it is difficult to see how he finds "a peculiar dignity" in this collection of superficiality, which resembles early Woolworth art that adorns cheap motel rooms. To blame America's ignorance of German painting on the reaction to Nazism is nonsense. This art is ignored because it is ignorant.

Robert J. Scholes
Gainesville, Fla.

Naval Nightmare

As a legal clerk in the Navy, I saw numerous cases of physical and emotional "retraining" [May 25]. If these so-called dedicated military personnel were sought out and exposed, young men who volunteer to serve their country would not have to be subjected to such lunacy. They're not kidding when they say, "It's not just a job." For some, it's a real nightmare.

Thomas J. Rizzo
Spring Hill, Fla.

Legendary Lena

The word legendary is tossed about casually in the world of the performing arts, but Lena Horne deserves the attribution [May 25]. She is the last of a rare breed, a national treasure who has stood the test of time and prejudice.

Edouard E. Plummer
New York City

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In California: Unswinging Singles

Disc Jockey Ralph McCarthy was playing Willie Nelson tunes, reading the news and serving up public service announcements one Saturday last November to the folks in the redwood country around Eureka, Calif., when he bumped, voice first, into a social phenomenon. He had just finished reading a message about single mothers who needed help in trying to re-enter the job market. The program, one of many for single mothers in Northern California, was sponsored by a group called Displaced Homemakers. Impulsively, McCarthy told his listeners: "I'm a displaced homemaker too. I'm a single father of two boys, and there should be something for single dads as well."

Kramer vs. Kramer notwithstanding, single fathers are a rare commodity in the U.S. When they meet, they tend to fall on each other's necks to share grievances and housekeeping secrets. Gene Ratkowski, who was listening as he drove to the airport, instantly pulled his '79 Subaru to the side of the road, phoned McCarthy and asked: "When's the meeting?" Now, six months later, the meeting is every Tuesday night, when 20 to 30 single dads gather, often at McCarthy's ranch-style home on Humboldt Hill. They include doctors, students, mechanics, a bus driver, a television producer, a few men on welfare and a couple of small businessmen. Says Ron Bricker, father of five, a burly television programmer: "You can't usually sit down with another guy to say, 'Gee, what are your thoughts on diaper rash?' "

Single-parent groups have been around for years, most of them exclusively for women. A man who seeks guidance or support in those groups is likely to find himself isolated as a token dad or an antisexist target. But things are improving for single dads. There is even a new little magazine called *Single Dads' Lifestyle*, published in Scottsdale, Ariz., with a circulation of 2,000.

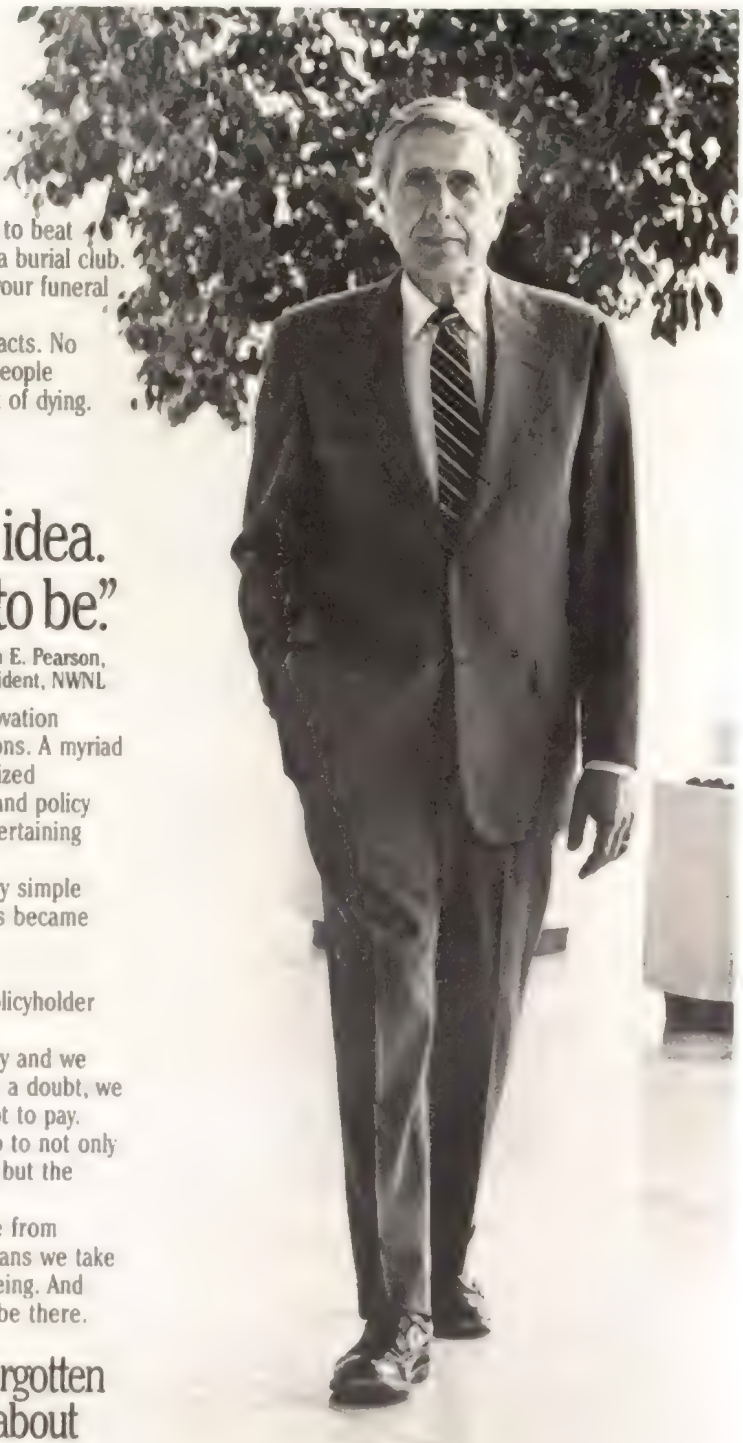
In the past, men almost never won custody of children in court. Today a few do. But the actual raising of a brood of children is still frightening to a man alone. McCarthy's Tuesday group has been clumsily confronting problems like how to get a fever down, how to give an enema, where to find milk at 6 in the morning, how to help sons with bed-wetting traumas and which diet is best for a teenage daughter who wants to stay svelte.

STEPHEN ROSCH

Dale Andreasen serves a fried egg to his son as daughters look on, unimpressed

"I was surprised at how much time the kids needed," says McCarthy, "how much I didn't know. Even now, the kids still miss the bus, and I've got to take them to school. There's never enough clean clothes. There's just too much for one person to do."

It is personal problems, though, that leave men most at sea. At one meeting, a father of twelve-year-old twin daughters wanted to know what to tell them about premenstrual cramps. Most of the men know more about the inner workings of the space shuttle than about the women who used to share their bed and board. Someone suggested, seriously, that since there were training bras, perhaps the drugstore carried a "starter kit" for the menstrual cycle. (Single dads tend to have unusually intimate conversations with



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John E. Pearson,
President, NWNL

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American Scene

their women friends.) The group finally threw itself on the mercy of a college girl volunteer in the "big sister" program.

At one meeting, McCarthy talks about an experience that has unnerved all the fathers. Says he: "You hear them crying in their sleep, and you go to comfort them. Sitting there in the middle of the night, trying to find the words to explain what happened, why their mother isn't around—I've never had an explanation. I've only been able to hold them and tell them it's going to be O.K. some day."

Most of these men have survived part of their adult lives on fast food. Now they learn from more experienced members of the group about preparing and then freezing meals to allow for more time with the kids. They learn to buy wash-and-wear clothes. Above all, they learn the wisdom of tearing up the charge card to avoid going broke.

Many of these single dads avoided the initial pain of their divorce by drinking a lot. But the group collectively warns, "If you want to keep your kids, you can't be a drunk." Some fathers start to sleep around, to reaffirm their prowess, others suffer periods of impotence. Tuesday nights provide an opportunity to talk about more than diaper rash. But the first, and often the most difficult, step for men is learning how to talk to other men about anything really personal.

"Outside of jokes, men find it hard to talk to other men about fears of being gay or drinking too much," says Grant Freeman, 34, for the past three years the single father of three boys. "We're brought up to believe that men are the confident household head. How can you be that and be messed up or confused? We're filling these feminine roles. You find yourself washing their shorts and socks, worrying if they're going to school with clean faces or kissing them goodnight—and that can drag up a lot of problems. We don't fit that stereotypical role of a father. This becoming a single dad is a great equalizer."

Common troubles keep the group meetings going. The joys are usually private. The men wake up one morning to find their lonely five-year-old has crawled into bed with them during the night. Or, for fathers like Dale Andreasen, who silkscreens T shirts, it's successfully making fried eggs for his three children. Says he, standing in the kitchen, adjusting the flame on the skillet: "You've got to keep turning the gas on and off to maintain the right temperature so the yolk doesn't get hard. I really pride myself on my eggs."

After breakfast Ron Bricker takes two of his five kids on their paper routes. He does it so that he can spend more time with them. "If anything positive has come out of this," he says, "it is day-to-day intimacy. I was too busy to spend this kind of time with them before. There's no other way in the world that I would have sat down with my kids to fold the laundry." —*By Dick Thompson*

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TIME JUNE 15, 1981

He'll Do It His Way

Reagan decides he does not want a compromise on tax reductions after all

Deal or fight? Ronald Reagan had pondered the question for weeks, as his aides and Democratic congressional leaders warily circled one another, trying to determine whether they could agree on some compromise tax-cutting bill. But last week the ritual came to an end, and the President made his decision: fight!

The bargaining process had brought the Democratic leaders who supposedly control the House of Representatives to meet him more than halfway. In particular, the Democrats had dropped their insistence on a one-year bill and offered him a reduction in income tax rates of 5% on Oct. 1 and another 10% on July 1, 1982. But Reagan, after retreating from his original 30% plan, held firm for a 25% cut over three years, with the final 10% taking effect July 1, 1983. Moreover, as in the April battle that ended with Congress approving sweeping cuts in federal spending on domestic social programs, Reagan had found a conservative Democrat—in this case, Texas Congressman Kent Hance—to co-sponsor his bill, thus giving it a bipartisan coloration.

And so, late Thursday afternoon, Reagan descended the White House steps leading to the Rose Garden and stepped before waiting television cameras. Flanked by Hance and leading Republicans, he announced his support of a bill to be introduced by the Texas Democrat and New York Congressman Barber Conable, ranking Republican on the tax-writing House Ways and Means Committee. As Treasury Secretary Donald Regan stepped to the microphone to answer technical questions about the Administration's tax bill, the President, on his way out, whispered in Regan's ear: "Barber said, 'If we don't have them [the votes], we'll get them.' "

To win those votes, however, the White House will have to wage an intense campaign. Reagan clearly recognized that in his opening gambit. In hopes of soothing widespread fears that the tax cuts will produce huge inflationary deficits, he reduced the savings to be offered to business, prompting some howls of betrayal from his own corporate supporters. He also made what Hance interpreted as a pledge not to campaign in 1982 against any Democrat who voted for the tax bill. Nonetheless, both sides expect the House floor vote, possibly in early July, to be close. The stakes are enormous: the prosperity of the economy, the prestige of the Administration and the effectiveness of the Democratic opposition.

It was, in fact, the prospect of a bruising battle, with an outcome neither side could predict, that prompted the long compromise negotiations. Those talks began fairly promisingly. Though the President had campaigned for the "10-10-10" plan—10% cuts in income tax rates in each of the next three years—Republican and Democratic congressional leaders and Treasury Secretary Regan readily agreed to reduce the initial cut to 5%, and

The President, surrounded by smiling Republicans, announcing that he will go for every last bit of his three-year tax-cut plan

to delay it from July 1 to Oct. 1, the start of a new fiscal year. That will hold down the deficit for fiscal 1981, which is already estimated to be as high as $65 billion. They also agreed to add to the rate cuts a string of special tax-saving provisions advanced by the Democrats *(see box)*

That, however, was no big deal: the Administration would have probably introduced most of these provisions later anyway. The negotiations remained deadlocked, with the Republicans insisting that only deep, multiyear tax reductions could prompt the savings and investment needed for noninflationary growth and, on the other side, the Democrats arguing that any cuts going beyond one year would only bring more inflation. Party ideologies complicated the dispute. Republicans demanded across-the-board cuts that would reduce rates by the same percentage in every income bracket; Democrats saw that as a windfall for the rich and proposed "targeting" the cuts to favor middle-income taxpayers—specifically, people who earn $20,000 to $50,000 a year.

By the beginning of last week the impasse had hardened into one that only the President had a chance of breaking. To that end, Reagan invited five top Democratic congressional leaders to the White House for a Monday morning meeting. Senate Democratic Leader Robert Byrd suggested a "trigger" plan: 10% tax cuts would go into effect the second and third years only if inflation rates and deficits were declining. Reagan flatly rejected it. House Majority Leader Jim Wright asked about a 5-5-5 plan. Reagan did not reply at all. House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill grumpily dismissed the meeting as "a media event" and said of Reagan: "I felt he was setting us up."

As the Democrats were leaving the Cabinet Room, however, White House Chief of Staff James Baker took Ways and Means Committee Chairman Dan Rostenkowski aside and asked, "Don't close the door." Rostenkowski took that request as a signal that the President still wanted a compromise. He met with the Democratic members of his committee trying to arrange one. On Tuesday evening, he phoned Treasury Secretary Regan to report that the Democrats seemed ready to go beyond a one-year reduction—but not so far as three years. The Treasury Secretary replied unenthusiastically: "Well, I'm not sure we can work with you, Danny." On Wednesday morning, however, Presidential Counsellor Edwin Meese, breakfasting with reporters, said that the Administration would at least "look at" a two-year plan.

That afternoon, Rostenkowski produced one. He persuaded all 21 Democratic Ways and Means Committee members attending a special meeting to vote for a 5-10 cut and, moreover, to make it across the board rather than targeted. At that point the Democrats had agreed to give Reagan about three-quarters of what he wanted. But the White House had already decided, Meese notwithstanding, to go for the remaining one-quarter.

Glum Democrats O'Neill, Wright and Rostenkowski reporting failure of compromise talks

Told by Baker about the 5-10 plan, Reagan replied: "That's not good enough." The next day, Reagan met with Republican congressional leaders to reassure waverers, and received strong pledges of support. More important, he closeted himself for 45 minutes in the Roosevelt Room with 30 of the 47 members of the Conservative Democratic Forum, often called the Boll Weevils because nearly all of them are Southerners. They hold the balance of power in the House, and gave Reagan the votes he needed to win the budget fight.

The Boll Weevils fear big deficits and are thus not enthusiastic about major tax cuts: Reagan so far can count on support from no more than 20 of the 27 Democrats he will need to swing the vote for 5-10-10, assuming all House Republicans hold firm.

Even in the Republican-controlled Senate, the White House had been counting on canny Louisiana Democrat Russell Long to hold the line against a potential flood of damaging amendments; despite the blandishments of Congressional Liaison Chief Max Friedersdorf, Long's support in the absence of a compromise is no longer assured.

To win doubters over, Reagan by Thursday night had made several moves. He agreed to a new investment tax credit for the rehabilitation of existing buildings, a move that could benefit the older —and mostly Democratic—cities of the Northeast and Midwest. He also pledged to reduce the windfall profits tax on people who receive royalties from oil wells. Treasury Secretary Regan explained candidly: "There are a lot of votes in Louisiana, Oklahoma, Texas, Kansas"—the home states of legislators whom the Administration is wooing.

The President trimmed back the depreciation deductions offered to business to lower corporate taxes and spur investment. That change might reduce the tax savings to business by as much as $50 billion over the next five years. "Out of the blue ... just doesn't make sense!" exclaimed Richard Rahn, chief economist of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. Added Jack Albertine, president of the American Business Conference: "The Administration is gambling that business has to support the Reagan-Boll Weevil compromise. They're probably right." There were indications too that the Administration might restore some help to business.

Further, Reagan told the Boll Weevils: "There is no way I can look myself

The Kindest Cuts

Besides across-the-board personal income tax cuts of 5%, 10% and 10% in the next three fiscal years, the President will be pressing for a few more complicated reductions. Among them:

- The top tax rate on "unearned" income (interest, dividends, rents) would be slashed from 70% to 50%.
- The "marriage tax" would be reduced. That glitch in the tax laws now makes working couples pay more on their combined incomes than they would if filing separately as single taxpayers.
- The temporary $200 exclusion ($400 for couples) on savings-account interest and dividends would be made permanent, and the $1,500 a year deduction for money deposited in an Individual Retirement Account (I.R.A.) would be raised to $2,000.
- The current $175,000 exemption from estate taxes would be raised to $600,000, and the exemption from gift taxes, now $3,000 per recipient per year, would increase to $10,000.

in the mirror and go out and campaign against you"—that is, against those conservative Democrats who vote for his tax bill. White House aides asserted later that the President had not intended a flat pledge to abstain from opposing their reelection, but the carrot certainly was dangled in front of them.

Passions are running high among the non-Southern Democrats too. Their congressional leaders feel that the White House deliberately misled them into agreeing on more extensive tax cuts than they wanted, before the fight even began, in hopes of effecting a compromise that Reagan never had any intention of making. White House aides reply that the Democrats were so splintered on taxes that no fruitful negotiations were possible. The fight will just about reverse traditional party roles: the Democrats will warn stridently against inflationary deficits; the Republicans will argue that economic stagnation is a greater danger than red ink.

If the Administration loses, it will suffer a stunning reverse. If it wins, the victory could make Reagan's political momentum seem daunting. As for the economy, cutting taxes at all during a period of giant deficits and menacing inflation could be perilous. The risk increases with the length and depth of the reductions. The nation is about to try Reagan's experiment, but the question of how far to go promises a bitter battle. *—By George J. Church. Reported by Douglas Brew and Neil MacNeil/Washington*

Long and Friedersdorf conferring in the rain

The carrot now, the stick to follow soon.

Surrounded by reporters and aides, Lefever leaves Foreign Relations Committee hearings

Requiem for a "Do-Gooder"

Reagan's human rights nominee drops out after a Senate setback

The President has got used to winning just about anything he wants, even from Democrats. Last week he suffered his first really embarrassing defeat in choosing policymakers, the rejection of Ernest W. Lefever as Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights and Humanitarian Affairs, at the hands of Republicans. After weeks of controversy and days of hearings, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee voted 13 to 4 against confirming him in a job he has been performing since late January.

One of the four supporters, S.I. Hayakawa of California, talked with Lefever, who by then had scant chance of winning on the Senate floor. Lefever quickly withdrew, even as the White House was still lobbying, if halfheartedly, for support. Lefever's bitter resignation letter to Reagan began: "I am blameless of the charges and innuendoes against my integrity and my compassion. I do not wish any longer to put up with the kind of suspicion and character assassination that some of my adversaries have used to besmirch my name."

In an interview with TIME a few hours after resigning, Lefever said he quit because "my wife and I were getting fed up with the constant reiteration of false allegations—that I am for sale, or for rent, that I lacked compassion, that I did not care about the torture of human beings in certain countries friendly to the U.S. My position has been clear on all of this. A label, once applied, because of the herd instinct in Washington, sticks. The record never caught up. I was done in by my two chief virtues—candor and courage." He denied that either the White House or the State Department nudged him out, and said that both Reagan and Secretary of State Alexander Haig telephoned to suggest other Government posts "in which I could render great service."

From the beginning Lefever was clearly the wrong choice for the job. A self-professed "do-gooder" who has worked for various liberal and humanitarian causes over the years, he became a convert to conservatism and founded his own rightist think tank, the Ethics and Public Policy Center, in 1976. He advocates making a distinction between "authoritarian" governments of the right (for example, South Africa, South Korea, Chile), which repress dissent, and putatively worse "totalitarian" governments of the left (notably the Soviet Union), which deny both political and economic freedom. Lefever had written that human rights questions should not interfere with U.S. alliances. In confirmation hearings he refused to criticize specific human rights violations by allies, and seemed to equate protecting human rights with denouncing the Soviet Union. Senators of both parties feared that Lefever could force the Administration into a narrow, extreme position on human rights.

The White House might have quietly dropped the battle, as it did with Warren Richardson, a onetime lobbyist for the stridently anti-Zionist Liberty Lobby, who had been nominated as an Assistant Secretary of Health and Human Services. Reagan also might have yielded to compromise after a quick, overwhelming defeat, as he did after the Senate's 96-to-0 rejection of his proposed Social Security cuts. But the President felt pressed to fight for Lefever, senior aides said, because the opposition to him was largely "ideological." Reagan, they added, saw the vote as a referendum on his own beliefs. The White House may have had an additional motive: Lefever was sponsored by power-

ful Jesse Helms of North Carolina, the Senate's self-appointed enforcer of purist conservatism.

When the hearings began on Lefever's nomination, one Senator said that there were only three votes against him. After Lefever finished defending himself there were 13. Some Senators had doubts about his ethics, others about his politics, others about his tact and judgment.

Lefever's worst liability was not ideology but his own unsteady regard for the truth. Democratic Whip Alan Cranston, a Foreign Relations Committee member, came out of the final closed hearing last week citing half a dozen instances in which Lefever had stretched the facts. Lefever denied, for instance, having said his opponents were "Communist inspired." Committee Chairman Charles Percy and Paul Tsongas of Massachusetts insisted that he had said that to them. Equally damaging was the claim by two of Lefever's four brothers—none of whom supported his nomination—that he considered blacks genetically inferior to whites in intelligence. Lefever denied it.

Several Senators had been especially troubled by the ethics of Lefever's supposedly independent think tank in accepting money from the Nestlé company, one of the world's largest sellers of infant formula, for a study of the use of baby-food supplements, a highly charged Third World issue. The companies making such products were already under fierce attack; last month the World Health Organization's member countries voted 118 to 1 (the U.S.) for a code sharply limiting the advertising and marketing of infant formulas. In his testimony before the committee on May 18, Lefever had said the Nestlé contributions, which eventually totaled more than $25,000, had been made only after he commissioned the study. Last week he admitted that he had approached Nestlé beforehand. Said Cranston: "That was a direct contradiction."

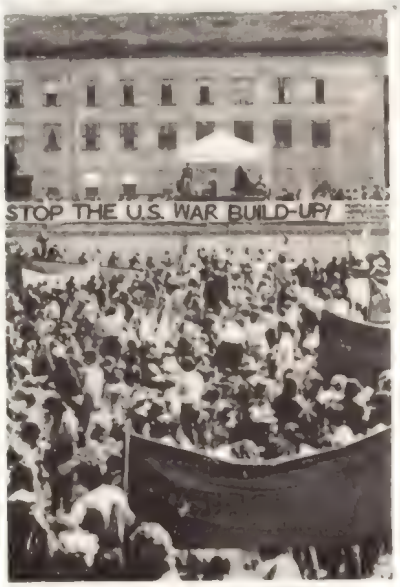
As word of the misstatements began to spread, Cranston counted the number of Lefever supporters in the full Senate dropping from 46 to 44, while opponents rose from 39 to 48. That was enough to sustain a filibuster against Lefever on the Senate floor, and probably enough to guarantee the failure of the nomination. That would have been a crushing setback for the Administration: the Senate infrequently rejects sub-Cabinet appointees (and has not rejected a President's Cabinet choice since Dwight Eisenhower proposed Lewis L. Strauss as Secretary of Commerce in 1959). Even the White House statement of regret, lauding Lefever's "integrity and competence" and lamenting "that the nation will lose the benefit of his services," had a tone of grim inevitability. "The President was prepared to stand behind his nomination," it said, "until final disposition by the Senate." —*By William A. Henry III. Reported by Johanna McGeary/Washington*

Speak Loudly, Sell Big Sticks

A new U.S. policy toward Latin America takes shape

When Ronald Reagan and Mexican President Jóse López Portillo shake hands this week at Camp David, they will do so warmly, for the two got along quite well last January during the President-elect's visit to the border city of Ciudad Juárez. But as soon as the two leaders sit down and begin talking policy, the warm feelings may cool. As one U.S. diplomat observes, "Their basic positions evolved separately and are in conflict. Frankly, I wish they would just agree to disagree."

The two nations are at odds over a number of issues: the flow of Mexican immigrants into the U.S., various U.S. trade policies that Mexico considers restrictive and, most dramatic of all, the Administration's emerging foreign policy toward Central America and the Caribbean. The first major manifestation of that policy —and the subject that most angers the Mexicans—concerns El Salvador. López Portillo resents the U.S. insistence on making the guerrilla war in that country a test case for its eagerness to help a friendly government survive "indirect armed aggression" by Cuba and other Communist nations that are funneling weapons to the leftist guerrillas. Though the Mexican President has refused to give them aid in the Salvadoran conflict, he publicly supports the leftists. In addition, he has a longstanding and effusive friendship with Cuba's Fidel Castro at a time when the U.S. wants to get tough with Castro.



Washington rally against aid to El Salvador

"Cuba has declared covert war."

After Reagan and López Portillo talk over their differences, the Administration will likely unveil another element of its new policy toward the region: a long-term program of both economic and military aid. The Administration plans to use trade concessions and private investment incentives to fight the region's poverty, which it believes only helps breed Communist subversion. The Reaganauts also make no secret of their intention to send arms into the area. As Thomas O. Enders, the Assistant Secretary of State-designate for Inter-American Affairs, said last week, "We will help threatened countries to defend themselves. Once insurgents take arms with outside support, there is no alternative to an armed response."

As if to underscore the dangers facing Central America and the Caribbean, State Department officials claimed last week that several Soviet T-55 tanks may have been shipped from Cuba to the leftist government in Nicaragua. Though officials admitted that the reports have not been confirmed, Secretary of State Alexander Haig charged last week that Nicaragua has been steadily stockpiling other arms from the Soviet Union, Cuba and Libya. Haig added: "We see no threat [to Nicaragua] that justifies increases of this size." Managua, however, feels that a buildup is necessary to counter the threat of an invasion by right-wing Nicaraguan guerrillas based in neighboring Honduras.

Meanwhile, the Administration displayed its willingness to help its own friends arm themselves. The White House approved a request from Venezuela for detailed technical information on the F-16 fighter plane—a sign that the Administration will eventually approve sales of the plane to that country and thus reverse a traditional U.S. policy against introducing sophisticated arms into Latin America. Venezuela has no immediate need for the planes, but U.S. policymakers see that oil-rich democracy as crucial to the success of U.S. policies in the region.

As further evidence of its desire to court friends in Latin America, the Reagan Administration has down-played Jimmy Carter's concern for human rights and begun to improve U.S. relations with the repressive military dictatorships of Chile and Argentina. Restrictions on trade and military sales have been lifted, and leaders from both countries have been entertained in Washington.

López Portillo will surely caution Washington not to shape its entire Latin American policy as a test of wills between the U.S. and Cuba. But the Administration's policy there, as elsewhere, already seems to be firmly set. Enders summed up the Administration's view: "Cuba has declared covert war on its neighbors—our neighbors." ■

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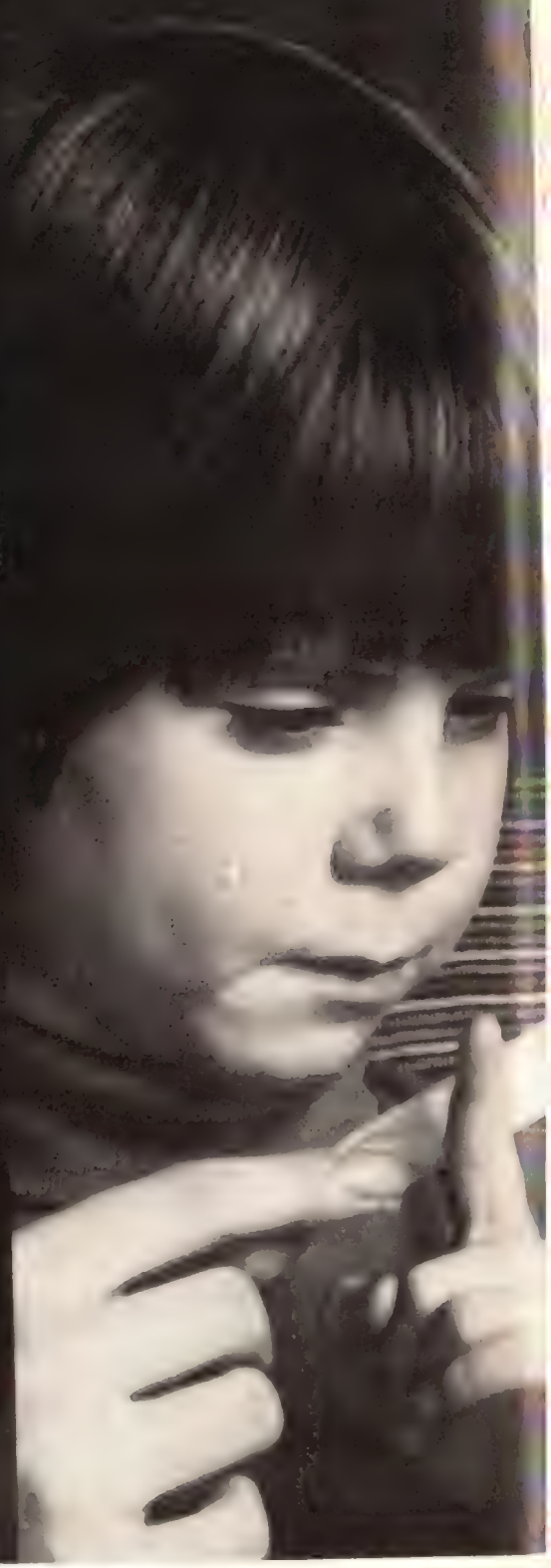

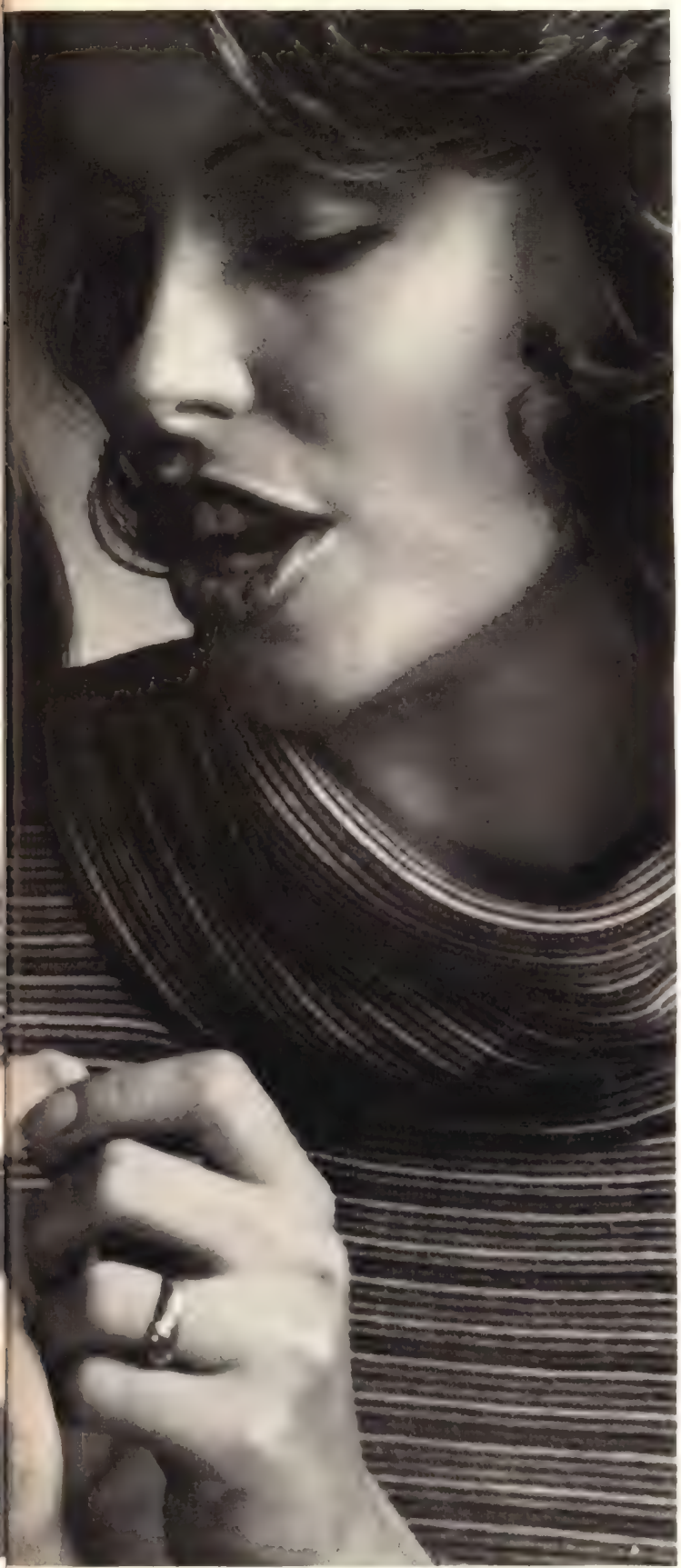

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At Last, at Least a Suspect

Authorities in Atlanta put some heat on

Wayne B. Williams, 23, was standing in an Atlanta phone booth one afternoon last week when FBI agents approached him and, he says, "insisted" he go downtown for questioning. As word of Williams' interrogation began to spread, many Atlantans expressed hope that the long search for a killer of many of the city's 28 young black victims might be over. Yet twelve hours later Williams, a former TV cameraman and part-time talent-booking agent, was released. Publicly, law enforcement officials said they did not have enough evidence to hold him. Privately, they insisted he was still a suspect. Said one: "The sense is that we've got our man. It's just a matter of time. The question is not whether this is the guy. The question is do we have enough proof."

Williams first came to the attention of investigators in the early morning hours of May 22, after driving across a bridge on the Chattahoochee River. FBI agents observing the bridge had heard something fall into the water where the bodies of six of the 28 victims have been found. According to Williams, the authorities stopped and questioned him about the splash, asking, "Who did you throw off the bridge?" Williams' reply, according to police: "Garbage." The suspect's version: "I told them I had dropped nothing in the river."

Officers interrogated Williams for several hours near the bridge. He was in the area, he later explained, to use a telephone and had stopped momentarily to check the address and phone number of a woman he was planning to audition as part of his talent business. Given permission to search his 1974 Plymouth station wagon, officers found a four-band, two-way radio. Williams, an electronics and short-wave radio buff, had been arrested (but not convicted) in 1976 for impersonating a police officer, having equipped his car with red lights beneath the front grille. This time nothing was confiscated, and Williams was let go. He was, however, placed under surveillance and, according to some sources, an electronic tracking device was placed in his car. Investigators have suspected that Atlanta's youthful victims may have been lured to their deaths by someone impersonating a policeman.

It was the fear that Williams knew about the surveillance and might destroy suspected criminal evidence that prompted FBI agents to approach him last Wednesday. Indeed, the suspect did know he was being tailed. "They apparently weren't very good drivers," he observed. "I caused them to have a minor accident." Williams characterized his twelve hours of questioning at Atlanta FBI headquarters as "accusations and threats the whole time." He submitted to three lie-detector tests and said he was told that "all my answers were deceptive." This, he explained, might be attributed to his nervousness. Other evidence was sought after authorities obtained a search warrant for Williams' home. They confiscated a yellow blanket, purple robe, dog hairs and fibers from a carpet and bedspread. Some of the evidence is said by police to be "encouraging," though final laboratory tests comparing it with trace evidence found on victims are not yet complete.

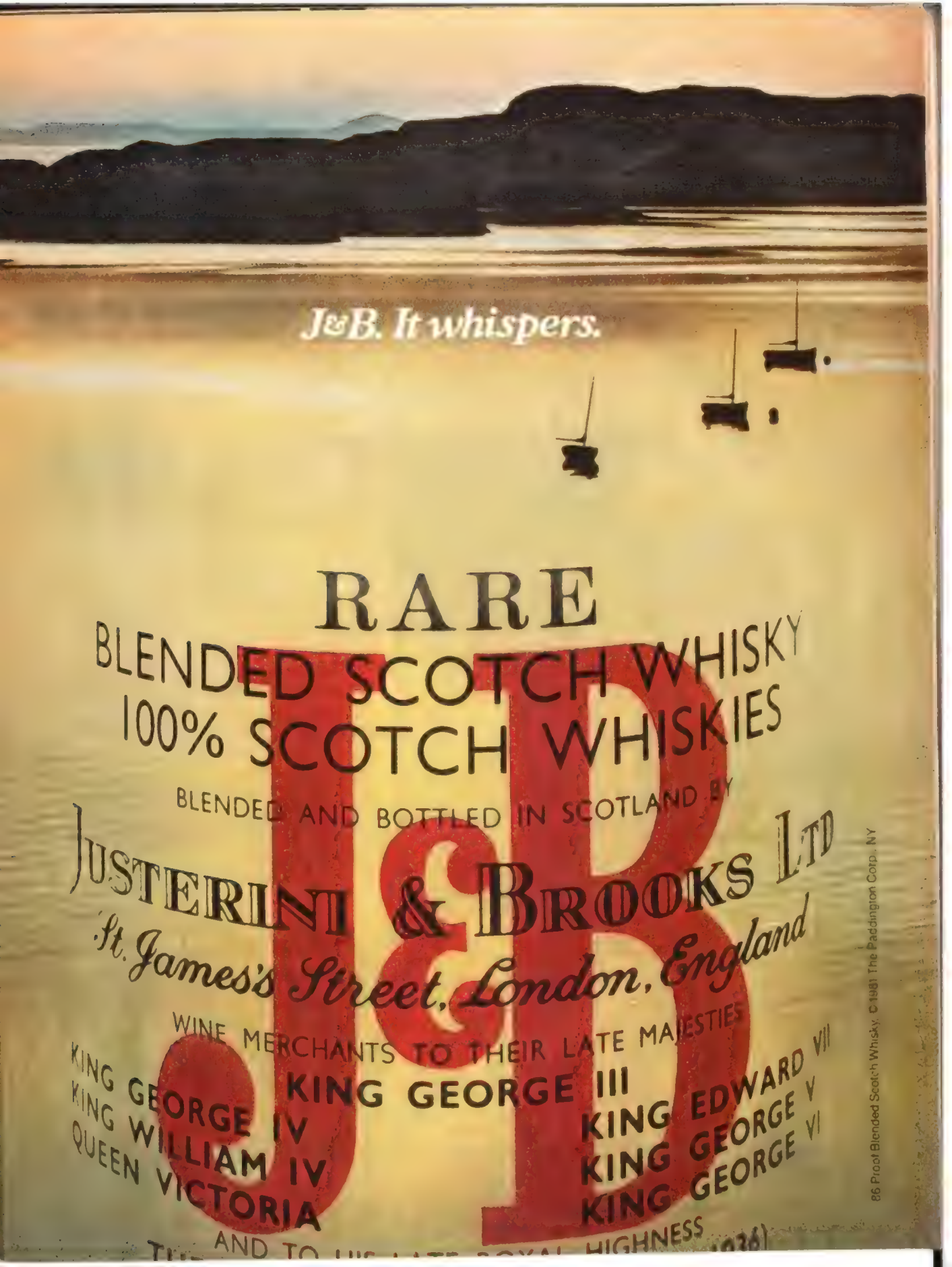
At 3:15 a.m. Thursday, Atlanta Public Safety Commissioner Lee Brown told a crowd of waiting reporters: "We have not ended up with the information that would result in an arrest." The suspect, he said, "is free to go." Williams, who continues to be trailed by police, held his own press conference later that morning at the Atlanta home he shares with his parents, both retired schoolteachers. There he professed his innocence and protested his treatment by police and his exposure to press harassment. The authorities, he said, "were trying to pin the murders on someone as soon as possible."

On Friday Williams avoided the throng gathered outside his home, but his father stepped out to photograph newsmen, as well as their license plates. At a news conference that evening, Williams' lawyer Mary Welcome urged the media to "cease staking out" the home of Williams' parents, "who are advanced in years." Her client's life and "the lives of his family and friends have become a virtual nightmare," she said. Welcome also complained that "the unauthorized, premature release of information [had] irreparably jeopardized" Williams' Sixth Amendment rights to a fair and impartial trial. For their part, Atlanta authorities are concerned about the possible effect of the extensive publicity on their ability to continue to gather evidence against Williams. To say that the coverage has been damaging, said one official, "is probably the greatest understatement since Ted Williams said he could hit." Warns Wayne Williams himself in a curious subjunctive formulation: "If all this boils out to be nothing, I have been slandered by the police and the news media." ■

Attack on an Assassin

James Earl Ray, serving a 99-year sentence at Tennessee's Brushy Mountain Prison for killing Martin Luther King, has long wanted to become a jailhouse legal expert. Early one morning last week, as Ray studied in the prison's law library, he was attacked from behind by three fellow cons, all of them black. The gang beat and stabbed Ray, 53, with a foot-long metal window brace. Doctors in nearby Oak Ridge found 22 wounds in Ray's head, neck and chest, but after an hour of surgery and 77 stitches he was out of danger. At week's end Ray was discharged from Oak Ridge hospital and transferred to Brushy Mountain Prison infirmary. The motive for the bloody assault is a mystery. "If they wanted to kill him, they would have used a sharper weapon," says Ron Bishop, director of institutional programs for the Tennessee Correction Department. But, inevitably, conspiracy theorists saw the attack as an attempt by King's real killers to silence Ray. Although the assailants are reportedly members of the prison's militant black Alkebu-Lan Association, prison officials doubt that retribution against King's killer was intended. Reasons Bishop: "If it had been a real effort to avenge King's assassination, it could have come any time. They have been there a long time and so has he." Arzo Carson, director of the Tennessee Bureau of Investigation, believes the attackers merely sought publicity, not vengeance. Yet Anna Sandhu Ray, a courtroom sketch artist whom Ray married in 1978, remains convinced that forces outside Brushy Mountain—"people in the Mob and people in Government"—want her husband killed.

Seventy-seven stitches later, Ray leaves surgery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Truckin' Along

New boss for a defiant union

The presidency of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters may well be the most powerful union post in the U.S., but it has its hazards. Two of the last three Teamster bosses, Dave Beck and Jimmy Hoffa, were sent to prison on corruption charges. After his release, Hoffa vanished, presumably rubbed out by the Mob. Says Jackie Presser, a Teamster vice president: "That chair isn't a throne, it's an electric chair." His point: the leader who fails to attack corruption fast enough gets indicted by the Government: the chief who moves too fast falls under the guns of the gangsters.

All of that has never kept an eager group of Teamster leaders from coveting the office. For one thing, the power, pay and perks are the best in the entire labor movement. And if the latest in a long series of congressional reports of the Teamsters is correct, the cash skimmed illegally off the tables of Las Vegas casinos can also sweeten a Teamster president's job.

Thus it seemed fitting that the Teamsters met last week in Las Vegas, where delegates elected Roy L. Williams, 66, a career union official from Kansas City, to a five-year term as their new president. The union did so in a rousing voice vote of acclamation even though Williams, who has beaten prison despite three federal indictments, now faces a fourth. He is accused of attempting to bribe Nevada Senator Howard Cannon in 1979 to delay deregulation of the trucking industry.

Although the indictment cast a dark shadow over the convention and its 2,200 delegates, the issues were rarely confronted directly. Presiding as the interim president in place of the late Frank Fitzsimmons, whose subdued public leadership had offended neither the Justice Department nor the Mob, Williams scoffed at his accusers. He dismissed the latest indictment as "a damned lie" and the congressional report as "so wrong and so false" that he need not respond to it.

The convention's mood of defiance was reinforced by, of all people, Ronald Reagan. In a message videotaped at the White House after Williams was indicted, the President said to the delegates: "As a former union president, nothing makes me prouder than to work together with my union brothers toward a shared goal. I hope to be in team with the Teamsters." The union was the only major labor organization to support Reagan's bid for the presidency against Jimmy Carter.

Most of the Teamsters' 2 million constituents—the largest union membership in the nation—seem to worry little about corruption or links to organized crime. Even if they did, the union's highly authoritarian procedures stifle dissent effectively. Still, some 30 reformist delegates, members of a group called Teamsters for a Democratic Union, braved unrelenting hostility from their fellow delegates. They nominated a candidate for president, Peter Camarata, a Detroit dockworker. They proposed the formation of an independent ethics committee, a limitation on the salaries of the top Teamster officials, and re-election of those officials by the entire membership, not merely convention delegates.

Roy Williams addressing his delegates

Greetings from the White House.

The reformers failed, of course, to secure passage of any of their proposals. Sometimes when they went to argue their case, a band of husky Teamsters from Ohio, in matching white T shirts, followed in a menacing way. Instead of limiting salaries, the delegates awarded Williams a $69,000 annual pay increase, bringing his salary to $225,000. That is more than twice the salary of Lane Kirkland, president of the AFL-CIO.

Kirkland, in one of his first moves as George Meany's successor, invited the Teamsters to rejoin the AFL-CIO, which had expelled the Teamsters in 1957 for corruption. Bringing the Teamsters back into the fold would yield the federation $380,000 a year in new dues and would ban the Teamsters from raiding other unions. But the Teamsters' executive board last week did not even ask the convention to consider the reunification overture.

As for the Teamsters' unsavory reputation, one AFL-CIO official summed up the situation accurately, if a bit cynically: "I don't think Roy Williams worries about respectability one bit. If he can get the President of the United States to address his convention on videotape, he doesn't have to worry." ■

Titan Turnkey

A case of bizarre bargaining?

As deputy commander of a four-man Titan II missile-firing crew, 2nd Lieut. Christopher Cooke had little to do but wait for a day the world hopes will never come: when he and his superior would each turn two keys, one to open a box containing codes that would tell them whether higher orders to fire the doomsday weapon were valid, the other to trigger the missile's flight. Standing 24-hr. watches about twice a week in a silo 65 ft. below the Kansas croplands, the officer led a life of unrelieved tedium. One day he thought of something else to do.

According to the FBI, Cooke walked into the Soviet embassy three times in broad daylight—twice last December and once in May. An FBI camera caught him on one of the December visits, but agents were unable to identify him until March. The FBI then alerted the Air Force security branch, which arrested Cooke after his May contact with the Soviets. His Air Force superiors evidently reasoned that it was less important to punish him than to find out what, if any, secrets he had divulged. So they offered him immunity from prosecution in return for his full story.

Cooke said that he had given Soviet officials some information about the codes used to order the firing of the Titans, according to FBI investigators. The Air Force promptly changed the codes and charged Cooke with failing to report his meetings with Communist officials, a violation of military regulations. But Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, angry at both the Air Force and the Justice Department over that lenient treatment, telephoned Attorney General William French Smith to ask that criminal prosecution of Cooke be studied. Smith agreed. Said a Pentagon aide: "Weinberger found it simply inconceivable that an Air Force officer could betray strategic weapons secrets and get away with just a slap on the wrist."

Cooke

Still, that hasty immunity grant will make it difficult to convict Cooke of any federal crime. So far, both military and FBI investigators seem convinced that Cooke, who had written his master's thesis at the College of William and Mary on nuclear weapons, and had twice been rejected for a job with the CIA, was merely trying to trade information with the Soviets in hopes of enhancing his self-image as a strategic weapons wizard. The case, said one investigator, is "bizarre." ■

The full-time public servant begins another day: reading the paper in his Gracie Mansion bedroom after an early morning jog

Nation

COVER STORIES

A Mayor for All Seasons

Like his big-city colleagues, Ed Koch practices the politics of survival

If a stiff upper lip could make a sound, say a nerve-racking hum, it would now emit from the offices of the nation's mayors and eventually fill the air. Mayors are a brave lot generally, but until the advent of the Reagan Administration, their courage was merely tested on sozzly hecklers, dim-witted Governors, intransigent state legislatures and the normal range of external terrors that attend their work. Now Ronald Reagan has made them look inward. When he told the National League of Cities last December that his "first responsibility as President will be to reverse our nation's economic decline," no one in the crowd mistook his meaning. The cities were going to be on their own. The federal purse would be snatched away. From now on the mayors would have to replace dependency with invention.

Conceivably such a threat may be read as a challenge, but the problems of American cities are vast and acute: superannuated industries, disintegrating schools, highways that look like war zones, streets without lights or policemen, vanishing jobs, vanishing people except for the huddled masses waiting for trains that do not arrive.

The woes that beset the aging industrial Northeast and Middle West are not those of the Sunbelt, nor are all cities equally aggrieved. But the essential situation is the same. To put the case in numbers: Jimmy Carter had proposed $117 billion in state and local aid for fiscal 1982. Under Reagan, the U.S. Conference of Mayors estimates, state and local aid will be reduced to $77 billion. Compare that with the $95 billion to be received in fiscal 1981—a difference that makes no allowance for inflation. The localities are responding predictably. Looking toward 1982 with trepidation, 68% of the 100 American cities surveyed by the Conference of Mayors indicated that they will cut essential services; 58% intend to lay off employees; 41% expect to raise taxes.

What such decisions will do to and for the leaders of these cities will be fascinating to watch. For a long time mayors have not been masters in their domains, and soon they will have no choice but to rule. The battles that were formerly fought with state legislatures and the Federal Government will grow intensely intramural. The mayors themselves may become wholly changed politicians, developing their own politics. One who is already doing that is the ruler of the nation's most powerful city-state—Mayor Edward Koch of New York.

"The fortunes of cities, as well as of men," said Plutarch, "have their certain periods of time prefixed, which may be

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY NEIL LEIFER

A day in the life of . . . first, the shave

An arranged breakfast: with members of the mayor's religious council at Gracie Mansion

A favorite haunt: Greenwich Village store

Visitors galore: the Brooklyn Boys' Choir stops by at city hall to entertain their mayor

collected and foreknown from the position of the stars." America's mayors may be forgiven for looking skyward.

By the time the mayor got to the wolf, most of the chicken was bones. The ball-shape French fries had disappeared, as had the string beans. The people were attentive. Under nine huge chandeliers sat the Greater Jamaica Chamber of Commerce, convened in Regency House, Jamaica, Borough of Queens, for their annual "Forecast Luncheon." They were happy with their mayor, who was running late. He would have to step on it if he was going to make Shea Stadium in time to toss out the Opening Day ball for the Mets. But not before getting to the wolf.

"Now I have a little story [in response to a complaint from the audience about graffiti on the subway cars]. It is a true story. You know graffiti is not put on as the trains are in the *train* stations. It is put on in the *yards*. And the way you prevent the graffiti and the vandalizing of those subway cars is to protect them when they are in the yards. I said to Dick Ravitch [chairman of the Metropolitan Transportation Authority], I said to Dick, 'Look. Why don't you build a fence around the yards at night and put a *dog* in there to protect those cars?' And that will stop the vandals.' And he said, 'No.' And I said, 'Why?' He said, 'The dogs might step on the third rail.' I said, 'Dogs generally don't step on third rails. But if they do you will *replace* them. However,' said I, 'if you are worried about that, then build *two* fences, and have the dogs run between the two fences.' He said, 'No.' I said, 'Why?' He said 'Because somebody might climb over the fences, and the dog would bite him.' I said, 'I thought that is what dogs were *for*. But if you are afraid a dog will *bite* somebody, then use a *wolf*.' I said, 'There is no recorded case of a wolf attacking a human being, except if it were rabid.'

"Well I said that, a reporter heard it, and checked it out, and he said: 'Mr. Mayor, you are only partly right. There is no recorded case of a wolf in the wild ever attacking a human being. But there are cases of wolves in *captivity* attacking human beings.' I said: 'Of *course* I was talking about wolves in the wild. I would never use a *tame* wolf. Take a wild wolf, put it in there, and when the wolf becomes tame, you replace it.' [The Greater Jamaica Chamber of Commerce is in stitches.]

"Now what I am telling is a true story. We are building the fence. But with the MTA, do you know what they have to do *before* they build the fence? They have to have an R.F.P.—Request for Proposal. Any place else you go out and buy a fence. Not in the City of *New York*. This fence, before it will be built, I will be in my third term. Do you follow what I am saying?" [Who could miss it?]

Koch in a rare pensive moment

The man who brought down the house is Edward Irving Koch, 56, the 105th mayor of New York, who this week will announce, to the surprise of no one, that he hopes to remain the 105th mayor of New York for four more years (read eight). He is endorsed by his own Democrats and has already gained most of the Republican organization's endorsements as well. What the Greater Jamaica Chamber of Commerce told him in the afternoon, the Yale Club would tell him that night—that he is a sure thing. Nor did Koch tell

On the telephone in his office; at right is the desk once used by an admired predecessor, Fiorello La Guardia

the Yale Club anything different than he told the Greater Jamaica Chamber of Commerce, except for talking more about financial issues. Otherwise it was pure, consistent Koch, goading his listeners, giggling with malice ("heh, heh, heh"), shining among the crossed oars and dead dignitaries on the walls, as he shone everywhere else he went that day (in appearances at City Hall; Washington Square Park; Gracie Mansion, the official residence; at Shea; in Queens; at the Yale Club) moving right along, touting his achievements the way politicians do, but more openly, aggressively than most, the insistent nasal voice assuring all audiences equally that the city was in the very best of hands.

Those who disagree call Koch an egotist, an obsessive, a thin-skinned son of a bitch who loves nothing so much as his own prominence. They are all correct—at least to some degree—but that still leaves open the question that Koch asks anyone who looks at him: "How'm I doin'?" In terms of the city's budget, he's doing fine. In terms of the city's spirit, he's doing better—an achievement of sorcery, given that the city's so-called "services" include crime in the streets, garbage in the breeze and a subway system that would look like hell, were not hell more efficient (the wolves won't help). When Koch was officially announced over the p.a. system at the Mets' opener, he was booed to the skies, as the formalities required. Still, he is astonishingly popular in a city that usually elects mayors simply to focus its fury on a single person.

From a New Yorker's viewpoint this popularity is perfectly reasonable. Koch is New York's nut uncle, the bachelor workhorse with opinions on everything, who will not stop talking, who keeps you up all hours telling the same stories a hundred times (half with the mouth, half with the hands), and only grows drowsy when you gain your second wind. He is funny-looking, and dignified too—6 ft. 1 in., bald as an egg, with a body that quits every day. Yet a scrupulous face, serious eyes. Everything New York does, he does. Gotta lose weight, gotta jog. Did you read *Eye of the Needle?* "Super, the *best.*" He dines in Chinese restaurants and stands in line for movies. He loves standing in those lines. Friends persuaded him to hold movie nights at Gracie Mansion, so he tried it. "But to watch movies in your own home is *boring.*" Koch is not boring. He awakens automatically at 6 o'clock every morning, hungry for his job, and lights a short fuse. A statue of him would show a fellow eating ice cream on an Exercycle, in perpetual debate with passers-by.

All this translates into the sober fact that Koch is a full-time public servant whose entire being—senses, affections, intelligence—is fused with the life of his lunatic city. Like New York, Koch can be brave, hilarious, generous, protective, occasionally gracious and more rarely, touching. He can also be arrogant, spiteful, petty, wily and a bully. He was a bully at the Yale Club, for example, when a hapless young man rose to challenge Koch's advocacy of capital punishment. The young man put his question: "Why do you think that taking a life is a good thing?" thereby winning the disapproving sighs and groans of those about him, which Koch, of course, picked up. "When do you graduate?" he asked the kid. He would have lost nothing by a show of magnanimity (certainly not the argument, since he went on to state it forcefully), but he had the eye of the needler.

On the other hand, it is this same predisposition to face down opponents that people like in Koch. Stories of his antics at wild public meetings are enlarging New York folklore (with Koch as his own Homer). Yet it is true that Koch has refined a combative style of oratory, which appeals strongly to a city where four-fifths of life is an argument. Often he does not even wait for a threat to appear before pouncing on it. "What's wrong with *that?*" he'll ask, out of the blue. He tells you that he buys his suits on sale at Brooks Brothers (or something equally innocuous); then suddenly, "What's wrong with *that?*"

Yet style and manner are not the only reasons for the mayor's foudroyant success. There is a political philosophy at work in Koch, one not fully formed, which is also at work in the country at large. Koch's basic political shift from repentant Democrat to "secret" Republican (as one antagonist, the liberal weekly *Village Voice*, calls him) is the nation's shift as well. Like the current White House occupant, the mood of the majority is in his blood.

This must seem quite strange to Koch. He certainly did not start life feeling the pulse of mainstream America. He was born in The Bronx (Dec. 12, 1924), the second of three children of Louis and Joyce Koch, who emigrated to the U.S. from Poland around 1910. On their family tree hangs one Yisroel Edelstein, an orthodox Jew who, under the alias Hersh Pinyas, is said to have been the leader of a gang that stole money and jewelry from Polish noblemen and gave the loot to the poor. Koch's critics would suggest that

On the lawn outside Gracie Mansion, with re-election Campaign Staffer Maureen Connelly and Press Secretary Tom Goldstein

Turning on the charm for a young constituent

he has reversed the family tradition.

During the Depression Louis Koch lost his fur business, and the family moved to Newark, N.J., where they piled into a four-room apartment with four relatives. On Saturday nights the Koches worked the cloakroom of Kreuger's Auditorium, a catering place that specialized in bar mitzvahs, confirmations and wedding receptions. Eddie was a devoted son and an indefatigable worker, though he still recoils at the memory of cadging for tips. In 1941 the family moved back to New York—to Brooklyn. Eddie worked his way through two years of City College by selling shoes; then joined the Army, winning two battle stars and serving as a de-Nazification specialist in Bavaria. Several of his relatives were killed in the Holocaust. He is not pleased when political enemies like Victor Gotbaum, head of the city's municipal employees union, suggests that if Koch were in Hitler's Germany he would be a Nazi. (Koch calls Gotbaum "absolutely the pits.")

After the war Koch enrolled at New York University's law school; today he is vague about the reasons why. His political life began as a street speaker for Adlai Stevenson in Manhattan's Greenwich Village in 1952. In 1956 Koch moved to the Village; he still keeps a rent-controlled flat there, which he uses on weekends. He became a charter member of the Village Independent Democrats, a political reform group that doubled as an organized shouting match. Koch lost his first race for public office in 1962, when he ran for the state legislature and felt he had been "betrayed" by powerful political figures he had relied on. He wept on election night and vowed never to enter the "dirty business" of politics again. But in 1963 he was off and running once more, defeating Carmine De Sapio, the last of New York's big-time bosses, in a contest for Democratic district leader. There followed a seat on the city council and five terms in Congress, where he supported solar energy research funds, amnesty for draft resisters, aid to day care centers and Gene McCarthy. He received a perfect 100% rating from the Americans for Democratic Action, which he now abjures, calling himself "Mayor Culpa." He entered the mayoral race in late 1976 as an underdog and won in a squeak.

What is said to have changed Koch's politics was stepping into a job that requires him to pay the bills himself. He took over a city that was not unlike his family in the Depression—only in worse shape because it owed more—and so he applied a Depression mentality to it. His basic governing maxim is: "Don't spend what you don't have." It sounds simple enough but it was too difficult for Koch's predecessors, who spent a billion a year that New York did not have and pushed the city to the brink of bankruptcy. Owing is something Koch does not approve of. There is in him a moral connection between owing money and owing political favors. The personal independence he prizes, and that sometimes gets on people's nerves, is the same sort of independence he seeks for the city, which he seems to regard as an extension of himself.

His first order of business, then, was balancing the budget. "And we've done it," he says, with pride. "If you recall where we were—no credit, the seasonal loans were running out. Nobody thought we would get the federal loan guarantees

we had to have. Not Felix certainly. [Felix Rohatyn, chairman of the Municipal Assistance Corporation created in 1975 to borrow for the city, and New York's chief financial strategist.] I want to give full credit to Felix for his brilliant conception of what had to be done. But I take a lot of credit for *getting* it done."

It must be said too that New York's economic survival has been due to circumstance as well as human genius. While federal outlays have grown at an annual rate of more than 11% since 1978, Koch has held his city's spending growth to less than 4% a year. But an inflationary economy that increases revenues—even without a real increase in city taxes—has helped.

Koch's financial success has its dark side. His cutting back has established his reputation as an enemy of the poor. In response, Koch points first to housing, citing the 26,000 major apartment rehabilitations begun in the past two years that will almost entirely benefit the lowest income groups. His main point, however, is philosophical: "We spend 56% of our $14 billion operating budget on services that go only to those people below the poverty line, primarily to 26% of the people in this city. If you have a healthy city financially, who benefits? The *poor*. Because if you have an unhealthy city, who leaves? The middle class. The poor *can't* leave." He adds that in the first half of the 1970s, before he took office, the city had lost more than half a million jobs. Since he became mayor, New York has gained more than 100,000 jobs in the private sector.

Pleased as he is about balancing the 1982 budget (at $14.7 billion), Koch believes that his city is imperiled by President Reagan's own balancing act. About one-sixth of New York's budget for 1982 depends on federal largesse, and if those funds are not forthcoming, Koch will face the impolitic Hobson's choice looming for most of the nation's mayors —that of raising taxes or further reducing the very services he needs to beef up. If Reagan's total proposal were to come through as is, Koch predicts that New York would stand to lose $350 million of its operating budget in the first year, and about $350 million of its capital budget. Koch agrees with Reagan in principle, so he is not about to storm the White House. He has lobbied Congress, however, on mass transit and Medicaid. And his friendship with the President has paid off in at least one area. New York will receive $1.7 billion to complete its Westway construction project, a covered highway that will link midtown and downtown Manhattan.

The areas most affected by Koch's own budgetary cutbacks have been crime and education; one up, one down. Depending on his mood, Koch will sometimes make less of the city's crime situation by pointing out that New York is only ninth nationally in crime statistics and is not No. 1 in rapes and murders, which is no consolation to victims, and is, in any case, misleading. Last year was a crime bonanza for New York, a record, and Koch does take that seriously. In next year's budget he calls for 1,000 new cops and 500 civilians to be added to the police force, along with 37 new trial courts to try to break the gridlock of the criminal justice system. Yet the New York State Bar Association has approved only twelve of the mayor's 33 legislative proposals to reform the system. Two of the disapproved ideas, the most controversial, are Koch's call for pretrial jailing without bail of certain people charged with major crimes and his proposal that prosecutors be allowed to appeal, to a higher court, sentences they regard as too lenient.

As for public education, New York's problems only differ from other cities in magnitude. Schools are dangerous; truancy is rife; classes are unwieldy; teachers can't teach. Koch emphasizes the good news; reading scores are up about 6%, exceeding the national average. And for 1982 he proposes the hiring of 1,100 new teachers, 400 more school guards, and an additional $9 million for new equipment and the schools' maintenance budget. Yet a central pedagogical problem must also be met. The city's economy, like the nation's, is changing from one of manufacturing to one of service. Will the schools produce students who can compete in this new market?

The mayor's most publicized problem these days is the New York transit system, which successive administrations of the MTA have let go to hell, until now it has become both a mess and a high-crime district. Of the subway, Koch says that "it *stinks*" and that it isn't his baby. That is true: only the Governor can hire and fire the MTA chairman, and Koch controls but four of the fifteen votes on the MTA board. Still, the city *is* Koch's baby, and the subway is a disease coursing through its arteries. Recently a panel was appointed to recommend comprehensive solutions. It had better. Responsible or not, Koch may well see much of the good will he has won in the past three years go down those tubes.

Of all Koch's concerns, the one that rankles and disturbs him the most personally is the accusation that he does not care about the city's blacks and Hispanics. Even his severest critics on this issue rarely accuse Koch of actually being a racist. What they do say is that the mayor, through his championship of the middle class, is exacerbating the normal racial tensions in the city by treating nonwhites as if they were not true citizens. Koch would argue that he acts toward everybody equally, but as a former aide says, "Ed treats everyone the same—badly." Nor does it help matters when Koch works himself into a state and starts hurling words at his critics like "wacko" and "ideologue."

Yet Koch's feelings about nonwhites, about blacks especially, are mixed and volatile. In 1979 Journalist Ken Auletta was researching a two-part profile of the mayor for *The New Yorker*. Koch gave Auletta permission to go through a series of oral memoirs that he had recorded for Columbia University in 1975 and 1976. Among Koch's statements on race was this: "I find the black community very anti-Semitic. I don't care what the American Jewish Congress or the B'nai B'rith will issue by way of polls showing that the black community is not. I think that's pure bull . . . Now, I want to be fair about it. I think whites are basically antiblack . . . But the difference is: it is recognized as morally reprehensible, something you have to control."

Today Koch is sore at Auletta for

Keeping in touch: at a coffeeshop in Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn

Like many New Yorkers, no nonsense on the outside and mush within.

printing those remarks because they showed Koch in a bad light, one that his enemies like the *Village Voice* enjoy switching on. But Koch does not deny having those feelings then, nor does he recant them now. On the other hand, he has frequently spoken out against injustice to blacks. He has appointed a higher percentage of blacks (18%) to top administrative positions than did any one of the three mayors who preceded him. He took the patronage out of the procedure for choosing young people for summer jobs, and raised the percentage of blacks employed for summers from about 60% to over 90% simply by making the system equitable. He has treated poverty programs evenhandedly, getting rid of ones that benefit whites as well as blacks. As for playing favorites, he took heat for removing a full-time police car protecting the leader of the Lubavitcher Hasidic sect in Brooklyn, because Koch was convinced such protection was not necessary. Still, he is regarded by many as a divisive force in the city.

Given Koch's reputation on the race issue, it would seem that he has changed a lot since the summer of 1964, when he spent eight days (his vacation) in Laurel, Miss., defending civil rights workers. He likes to talk about that time. The event was a sit-in at Kresge's to win equal service at the luncheonette counter. Black and white protesters were assaulted by people at the counter. Then the assailants brought charges against the protesters. Koch tells the story with helpless humor (the "heh, heh, heh") about the pixilated justice of the peace; the redneck mob; the unhelpful FBI officer named Robert E. Lee, to whom Koch offered to send his intended route to Jackson, "to make it *easier* for you to find the *bodies*." And the inevitable verdict: "All my people were convicted."

The interesting thing about the story, apart from recalling Koch the liberal (as opposed to the "liberal with sanity," as he describes himself now) is that it reveals an essential part of his makeup. Civil rights was not a lost cause in 1964, but in Laurel it could appear like one. During the period Koch spent in Mississippi, the bodies of three murdered civil rights workers, Michael Schwerner, Andrew Goodman and James Chaney, were discovered. Koch himself was in real danger, jokes aside. His defendants did not have a chance in court, as Koch well knew. He recognized a lost cause, yet he refused to concede it. One of the fundamental elements in Koch is his capacity to recognize lost causes and principles simultaneously, to wield hope against the facts—a capacity not acknowledged by those who think of him as the enemy of the hopeless.

This facet of Koch is revealed most fully in nothing political, but rather in the story of his most painful lost cause, one that required the greatest display of hope. One recent afternoon, with the light fading, Koch recalled the death of his mother. When he spoke of it, his voice at once softened and rose in pitch, as if he were imitating a boy.

He was asked: Do you picture her in any special way?

"Yes. There was a . . . [Then the voice changed] She died of cancer. And that was very painful.

"I remember the medical report. It filled 'the four quarters of the abdomen.' And ultimately the liver. [Then, spoken very quickly] And she died [like a reasonable conclusion]. It was an interesting episode.

"I dropped by the house one night. It was August 1, and it was 1960. There was my mother. She was very pleased to see me. And she said, 'I'm so glad you came, because tomorrow I'm going into the hospital.' And I said: 'What's *wrong* Mama?' And she said, 'Well, I'm not feeling well. I saw my doctor and I told him there's *something wrong*.' He had been treating her, the doctor, for a gall bladder for five years. She was taking Pepto-Bismol. And then she said, 'But I said to him, No. I want to go in the hospital, to take whatever tests can be taken.' Quite a smart woman. [Looks up to make sure you realize this.] And the doctor said to her, it's gall bladder, and we'll just operate. We take it *out*. We'll *repair* it. God knows what. [The sentences sound increasingly like Yiddish-English.]

"So . . . [long pause] she was operated on [by a different doctor]. My father and I were there. And the doctor came down. And he said, uh, [almost inaudible] I've got to tell you something, now or later. He said, uh, 'Mr. Koch—talking to my father—I'm going to tell you the truth. Your wife has *cancer* [voice raised for bravery]. She's going to die in three months. And there's nothing I could do and there's *nothing* you can do [loud here] to help her. And you should let her *die* in dignity. I *know* you won't do it. I know you will run from doctor to doctor. It will not help you.' Well, that is *some news*. So, we take my mother home. She doesn't know . . . They always know . . . And just as that doctor knew we would do—my father and I, my brother, and sister, said, no we can't let her die this way. We have to do *something*. It's *ridiculous!* You can't let somebody *die*."

The rest is a pilgrimage. Dragging his mother from place to place, from treatment to treatment, quack to quack. Everyone phoned with a miracle cure. His mother implored: "Why don't you let me die?" And Koch: "Oh, Mama, you're *silly*. You're not going to *die*." Then the astonishment: "She died to the day, three months; that is what is so incredible." The doctor who told the truth "was a *wonderful* doctor. And he didn't expect us to listen to him. It's not *possible*, I mean, if you're a *human being*." Asked to recollect his mother in happier circumstances, he said that she was very attractive, handsome, not beautiful, "because that would not be accurate." Lifting the mood, he added that she was a terrible cook.

He told this story in his office in city hall, stretched full-length in a black leath-

Koch on Koch

As they might say in show biz, Ed Koch is top banana in the Big Apple. Now an enterprising publisher has put together a collection of his yaks and zingers titled *'How'm I Doing?' The Wit & Wisdom of Ed Koch* (Lion Books; $4.50). A sampling:

On His Own Achievements: "You know how I always ask everybody how am I doing? Well, today I asked myself, and the answer was, 'Terrific.' "

On Priorities: "For me promotion of the city's economy is a No. 1 priority. Of course, we have ten No. 1 priorities."

On Labor Unions: "The labor unions make . contributions to everybody. They don't care if you're Attila the Hun as long as you do what they want."

On His Advisers: "My cast of characters is whoever is there in the morning."

On Fibbing: "It is not my habit to employ duplicity or artifice. But I want to make it clear that I am not Billy Budd. Billy Budd was a schmuck."

Answer to the Question, "Is New York a Sinking Ship?": "I think of it as a light canoe making its way down river."

On How He Runs His Administration: "Like a very large and quarrelsome Jewish family."

On Confrontation: "It's the head-on discussion that sets me apart from the others."

On Refusing to Pose with a Live Tiger: "No, the mayor is not a coward and the mayor is also not a schmuck."

On a Snowstorm: "I believe that God is testing me. But what are we going to do when they send locusts?"

On Dolly Parton: "Dolly Parton is no plastic lady."

On Medicaid Costs: "If that were lifted from our back . . . we, the City of New York, could lend money to Chrysler."

On a Suggestion from a Staffer: "Ach, ridiculous. Thank God I'm the mayor, not you."

On Criticism: "I won't be intimidated. They call me the Mayatullah!"

On Getting a Ticket for Double Parking—While a Limousine Behind His Car Went Unticketed: "I am not peeved. I am not annoyed. I simply cry out for justice."

On His Disposition: "I am the sort of person who will never get ulcers. Why? Because I say exactly what I think. But I am the sort of person who might give other people ulcers."

On Survival: "Never forget, rarely forgive . . ."

er chair to one side of the fireplace, where he customarily talks to visitors. The office is well proportioned: 18-ft. ceilings and six high arches containing the windows and doors. The paintings vary—an uninteresting abstract consisting of parallel lines; a Matisse of a languishing nude; a study by Isabel Bishop of "Two Girls," young women really, the one in the red hat looking concerned toward the one in the black hat, who is holding a letter, perhaps conveying bad news. The room is a trove of bric-a-brac: a bogus Oscar inscribed to "Ed Koch, Mayor for Life"; a trophy from the Friars Club; sheet music of an old song called *"How'm I Doin'?"* (Koch seems curiously remote from these toys, as he does from the bizarre Pee Wee, a giant black-and-white wooden rabbit that sits in his bedroom in Gracie Mansion.) There is a sculpture of Romulus and Remus under the wolf, and a photo of the mayor on top of a camel in Egypt.

The mayor's desk was originally used by Fiorello La Guardia. It had to be raised for Koch, who is almost a foot taller than the only predecessor of whom he speaks admiringly—partly for his ideas, partly for his fame. Raised now, the desk is a bit too high for Koch, thus giving symbolic pleasure to those who think that the current mayor cannot hold a candle to the Little Flower. Sitting at his too high desk, Koch can gaze straight across at La Guardia in a portrait, who stares straight back with all the severity due a competitor.

Between the eras of La Guardia and Koch there is a lot of relevant New York City history, including black and Puerto Rican immigration, the strengthening of the unions, the demise of the political bosses. Koch has no time for history. City hall itself, one of New York's most beautiful monuments to the past (the architecture is Louis XVI with sanity), seems fully functional, a museum to work in. Outside city hall the Wall Street area that now gambles for the world was once the whole city, when New York was a Dutch town veined by canals and hemmed in by a wall (thus the name of the street). Koch shows no interest in such things, any more than he seems to notice the plaque located on the sidewalk in front of city hall: "In this place 24 March 1900, Hon. Robert Van Wyck made the first excavation for the underground railway"—the onset of one of the mayor's great headaches commemorated under his nose.

Koch may not have time for history, but he would like to make history, and there is a good chance that he will. History, in turn, has made him—the immigrant boy, the shoe salesman, the Stevensonian, civil rights–defending liberal Democrat "mugged by reality" in Editor Irving Kristol's phrase, until eventually he became the most recognizable kind of figure in modern American politics: the neoconservative, the crypto-Republican, the Tough-Man Entrepreneur No-Nonsense Tightwad. Oddly, this figure has assumed the most traditional American role. He is the Jew become Yankee Trader—prudent, frugal, resourceful, strict; in Koch's case, ascetic to boot. On his shoulders lies the mantle of New England Protestantism, the mantle scorned and defiled by bona fide Protestants like former Mayor John Lindsay, and now handed over to the latest pioneers.

"We went through an era when middle-class values were dumped on," says Koch. "Honesty, integrity, hard work, patriotism, religiosity, all those were considered terrible things in the minds of some ideologues who are still out there. Not *me*. I always believed they were verities then. I think they're verities *now*." So, deep down, do most New Yorkers, and that is the center of Koch's strength.

DRAWING BY MULLIGAN. ©1978 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

"It's Ed Koch. He wants to know how he's doin'."

But none of this really explains Koch, who remains remarkably mysterious for an apparently open man. Some of the mystery is due to his living alone and keeping his own counsel. Some is due to the fact that there are sides to Koch that do not smack of Establishment at all—a strong egalitarian impulse that continually rises to the surface, coupled with genuine comfort in mixing with all classes and races, without any feelings of personal superiority. Perhaps the most telling fact about Koch is that he is a longtime resident of Greenwich Village. A Villager is a special kind of New Yorker. Anyone who chooses to live in the Village opts for the extremes of city life—squalor and elegance; beauty and danger; stoop ball and art show. He also indicates that he enjoys the potential anarchy of city life—an idea that appeals to more than dare admit it.

If Koch is the elective shoo-in that he appears, however, it is not only because of what people know and see about him, but what they guess about him as well. New Yorkers know that Koch seems a hard-nose. What they guess about him is that he is not the hard-nose he seems, that he is instead a quite naive man who may have toughened up because of various treacheries and disappointments, but who remains fundamentally naive nonetheless. It is said of Koch that he trusts others too little. It is more likely that he has trusted others too much (as he trusted John Lindsay, whom he supported for mayor, and who later turned his back). And it is possible that people have affection for Koch not because he is a wised-up sucker, but because they detect that he is a sucker still, quite unwised-up, just like a great many New Yorkers who are nononsense on the outside and mush within.

It may thus be that New Yorkers see in Koch a political sensibility that they recognize in themselves, that of a practical politician who has not always been that way. The 1960s were a period of extravagant idiocy, but also of great pain; and no politician who has been through that time could remain untouched by both extremes. The Koch who started out as a softy by his own account, and who then acquired a carapace, is different from a political leader who had no soft spot to begin with. With such a convert there is always the possibility (suspicion, hope) that he sympathizes more than he lets on—as in the anecdote Koch loves to tell of the judge who got mugged and then announced that it would have no effect on his future decisions. An old lady in the courtroom shouted: "Then mug him *again*." It always gets a big laugh. But Koch would not tell the story quite so often if he understood only the old lady.

Finally, cities tend to be sentimental about themselves, as New York's ubiquitous "I Love New York" buttons demonstrate. Koch really does love New York. For that, many people would forgive him almost anything.

Whatever the exact source of his appeal, Koch, like Ronald Reagan, has managed to persuade the citizens that happy days are here again in the face of a continent of evidence to the contrary. Part of the upsurge of feeling is due to normal human buoyancy; part to genuine signs of recovery. But most is due to Koch himself, who, no matter how well or poorly the city knows him, knows the city like the back of his hand. One thinks, for example, of his tasteless, dopey, unprincipled decision to throw a parade for the returned U.S. hostages. The *callousness* of making those people suffer yet another ceremony. The *ignorance* of not being able to tell when the public had had *enough* already. The parade was *sensational*. —*By Roger Rosenblatt.*
Reported by Robert Geline/New York

Copious Coping: How Other Mayors Fare

From Urban Crusader to "King Kevin"

Kevin Hagan White, 51, was elected mayor of Boston 14 years ago as a liberal reformer. Most liberals and reformers support him still, but increasingly they wonder why. This year, as the city has despaired through perhaps the worst financial crisis in its history—still unresolved—White's first concern has been the preservation of his own power. The onetime urban crusader laid off hundreds of policemen and firemen and closed police and fire stations while initially keeping all of his public relations staff. He vetoed financial rescue plans because they would have forced him to spend funds only as overseen by the city council. Last month he admitted assembling a secret "black book" on the political loyalty of thousands of city employees. A city union claimed he gave average raises of about $3,500 to precinct captains and ward leaders, compared with $300 for the "politically inactive."

White was among a 1960s wave of young, telegenic big-city mayors that included John Lindsay of New York and Jerome Cavanagh of Detroit. Today he is the last left in office, and now acts like the late boss of Chicago, Richard J. Daley, albeit with a Williams College polish. The four-term Democrat, known to critics as "King Kevin" and "Mayor De Luxe," has been threatened with recall petitions and recently ducked out the back door of a restaurant to avoid picketers. Yet he fits a city whose favorite slogan is, "Don't get mad, get even."

White veers from arrogant to melancholy, and can be vindictive in either mood. He is usually at odds with every other major politician in the state. He has ethical blind spots: this winter, for example, he scheduled a birthday party for his wife, encouraged cash gifts from city employees, then canceled the party after public and media pressure and pledged to return the money. He has a keen eye and a generous hand with young talent, yet he fires some and drives many of the rest away.

Nonetheless, he can still inspirit his city. He wavered on school busing but stood fast on racial harmony; after a welter of racially motivated assaults in 1976, he led a march of 30,000 people to protest violence. During his tenure, Boston has rebuilt its downtown and waterfront, added thousands of hotel rooms and sold itself, accurately, as "the livable city." Faneuil Hall Marketplace is the ultimate urban mall.

Kevin White of Boston

The fiscal crisis disrupting the city is not White's fault. He has controlled most municipal spending, but has no legal power to restrain the Boston school committee, which annually overshoots its budget (currently $210 million) by as much as $30 million. Worse, Boston depends more than any other major city on the property tax, but as a result of a statewide tax protest referendum enacted last November, the city must cut its property taxes by 15% a year until the rate is a small fraction of its present total. That means laying off 2,000 city employees by next month, 4,000 the following fiscal year. White knows the situation is grim enough to endanger him in politics. Says the former dark-horse presidential possibility, now a would-be survivor: "The question is whether I am still up there politically to take these measures."

The Audacities of Attila the Hen

She describes herself as a protégé of Chicago Mayor Richard J. Daley, and she learned his ruthless style well enough to qualify as probably the toughest woman in American politics —"Attila the Hen," enemies call her. But Jane Byrne is a different sort of mayor. Daley gave Chicago two decades of predictability. Byrne has given Chicago two years of ceaseless, sometimes wacky, surprise. Daley believed in saying little, honoring promises, maintaining grudges. Byrne snaps out her feelings and shifts alliances without warning. Byrne has a whim of iron: in just two years she ran through four police chiefs, three planning directors and five press secretaries. Said one bitter alderman, asked to list her strong points: "Vengeance, audacity and total disregard for human relationships."

Her image obscures her real accomplishments. She paid off a "hidden deficit," which she claimed was $100 million, by raising taxes and cutting the payroll. She confronted city unions and withstood a strike by fire fighters. To restrain the free-spending school system, she appointed one of the best boards of education in Chicago history. She is undertaking redevelopment of the North Loop business district and the busy but shabby international terminal at O'Hare Airport.

Despite her successes, Byrne plunged in popularity polls. In a Chicago *Tribune* sampling last December, just 3% of residents rated the quarrelsome mayor "excellent" and 46% rated her "poor." But she dramatically recovered her standing in April through a public relations gesture that was also a sign of sensitivity and compassion. She and her husband, former Reporter Jay McMullen, moved into Cabrini-Green, a predominantly black, decaying and crime-ridden housing project. Police began patrolling more. Playgrounds were installed and a summer recreation program promised. When her building's incinerator chute was too stuffed to open, Byrne called housing authorities and got prompt relief. Even though her stay at the project lasted for only three weeks, it captivated the city and boosted her approval rating in a Chicago *Sun-Times* poll from 35% to 50%. Byrne got a lot of publicity for Byrne, but she also focused public attention on the rats, roaches, violence and other problems daily afflicting the poor.

Byrne's newest crisis is the virtual bankruptcy of the Regional Transportation Authority, which runs the Chicago-area bus and rail system. Byrne needs help from the state government, but she is not being conciliatory. If necessary, she says, the city is prepared to absorb the R.T.A. "as another branch of city government." A similarly defiant attitude during a transit crisis two years ago cost the system its state operating subsidy and the legal principle of equal treatment with state highways. The resulting deficit was met via a 20% increase in the city sales tax.

Jane Byrne of Chicago

Next may come either another fiscal crisis in the school system or a showdown over school integration. New budget cuts may be needed. Chicago's economy—like the nation's—is in a slump, and Byrne can do little to ease it. Moreover, she cannot get the state legislature to say yes to almost any desire, as her late mentor could, and there is a residual hostility from remnants of Daley's political machine. Most worrisome of all, Byrne has a ready, if unannounced, opponent in the 1983 election: Cook County State's Attorney Richard M. Daley, 39, son of the founder of the very political empire to which Jane Byrne has laid claim.

Drawings for TIME by David Levine

Trapped Between Pain and Agony

When Coleman Alexander Young laughs, as he often does, his face crinkles into a wide grin and his shoulders shake gently. But Detroit's Democratic mayor has little to be cheerful about these days. Hit by one of the deepest recessions since the 1930s, the Motor City has an unemployment rate of 16% and faces a deficit of $120 million this year. Admits Young, 63, with typical bluntness: "Detroit is in deep trouble."

The city already seemed beyond redemption in 1973 when Young, pitted against a white law-and-order Republican in a hard-fought campaign, squeaked into city hall with only 12,000 votes to spare. Still scarred by the 1967 race riots, Detroit had the highest per capita murder rate in the nation and within six months faced a budget deficit of $103 million. To combat crime and regain the confidence of the predominantly black city, Young pushed integration of the police department—in 1973 the force was only 15% black compared with 40% today—and assigned more officers to foot patrols. By 1980, the overall crime rate was down, and murders had dropped to 549 from the 1974 peak of 714. Before his first term was up, he had amassed a budget surplus and coaxed $150 million from the city's business community to finish building Renaissance Center, a gleaming cluster of office towers and a hotel on the Detroit River. By supporting the presidential candidacy of Jimmy Carter in 1976, he won a grateful friend in the White House. Over the next four years Detroit became a leader in federal urban-aid grants, totaling $1.3 billion.

The city's renaissance is on the verge of fading. Young is trying to meet Detroit's newest projected deficit by slashing the city payroll by $104.5 million and raising the income tax rate for residents and commuters alike. If the shortfall is not met, the city may be forced to declare bankruptcy before the end of the summer. As Young puts it: "Our situation is one where we have to choose between extreme pain and agony."

Coleman Young of Detroit

Scrappy and streetwise, Young was raised in the city's notorious "Black Bottom" ghetto. At 19, he found a job at the Ford plant in River Rouge and plunged into union and civil rights organizing. His union activities got him sacked from job after job, and his left-wing politics also proved too strong for the United Auto Workers union, which forced him out of his post as chapter secretary in 1947. By the time he won a seat in the state legislature in 1964, Young had moved toward the political center, but he still harbors memories. Says Kirk Cheyfitz, editor of *Detroit Monthly* magazine: "Young draws his energy from the carefully preserved sense of outrage he discovered while being kicked around as a poor black man."

Some of Young's critics have attacked him for giving generous tax abatements to businesses to entice them to build in the city's decaying downtown, while ignoring the collapse of residential neighborhoods. Many whites argue that the mayor plays too much to his black constituency; many blacks complain that economic power remains in the hands of "absentee" white businessmen who live in the leafy suburbs.

Nonetheless, most Detroiters remain confident that Young, who is preparing to run for a third four-year term this fall, will work his financial magic once again. Indeed, Young has hired Felix Rohatyn, the fiscal expert who helped New York escape from bankruptcy, to draft a blueprint to stave off financial disaster. The mayor is also busy trying to attract fresh industries to the city, especially firms specializing in electronics and plastics. Without Young, said Auto Tycoon Henry Ford II, "this city would be dead." His Honor is working hard to keep the patient alive, if just barely.

Nothing Rotten about the Big Plum

George Voinovich, 44, is a shy man who shuns the headlines. Yet late last month, after a year and a half in city hall, the slight, sandy-haired Republican mayor of Cleveland indulged himself in a bit of well-earned whimsy. At a Cleveland Indians' home game against the New York Yankees, Voinovich showed up wearing a garish T shirt under his neat sports coat. NEW YORK'S THE BIG APPLE, proclaimed the shirt, BUT CLEVELAND'S A PLUM. Breaking out in a sheepish grin, he then tossed a real plum to the Indians' catcher.

If Cleveland is a sweet plum of a town to live in these days, it is due largely to Voinovich. Three years ago, the city was strictly persimmon as it puckered its way through an attempt to recall its abrasive Democratic child-mayor, 31-year-old Dennis Kucinich. Then, in December 1978, Cleveland failed to pay $15 million of its debt, thus becoming the first major U.S. city to default since the 1930s. Democrats outnumber Republicans 7-to-1 in Cleveland, but Voinovich nevertheless managed to trounce Kucinich by a vote of 56% to 44% in 1979. "I've got work to do," said Voinovich after his election. "My war will be to save one of this country's greatest cities."

Work he did. Voinovich quickly made peace with the city's business community and persuaded eight local banks to buy back $10.5 million in defaulted notes and lend the city another $25.7 million at 8¾% interest. He also launched a campaign to prop up the city's faltering services by asking voters last November to approve a ½% increase in the city's income tax. When the measure lost, the mayor announced a host of budget cuts and threatened not to run for a second term in 1981. "During the 1970s, our taxes stayed low, our services declined and the city lost 24% of its population," said Voinovich. "At that rate, the city will be extinct in the 21st century." The voters got the message: last February they voted for the tax hike by 62% to 38%.

George Voinovich of Cleveland

A native of Cleveland, Voinovich graduated from Ohio University and received his law degree from Ohio State. Despite Democratic domination of Cleveland, he won a series of elected posts: state representative, Cuyahoga County auditor, county commissioner and finally Lieutenant Governor under Republican James A. Rhodes. A penny pincher in private as well as public life, he lives with his wife Janet and three children in a modest frame house, and once bragged to a friend that he went five years without buying a new suit. He relishes his reputation for dullness; aides joke that he is so low-profile no one can ever find him. Still crushed by the death of his nine-year-old daughter Molly in a 1979 auto accident, he spends as much time as possible with his family and reserves most Sundays for outings with them.

Not everyone gives Voinovich high marks. "I don't think anything has changed, except people are paying higher taxes," grouses ex-Mayor Kucinich. Yet most observers rate Voinovich a shoo-in to win a second term this fall. Not only is the budget balanced, but Voinovich proudly announced last month that the city was facing a $3.9 million surplus. Says Cuyahoga County Democratic Chairman Tim Hagan: "Right now he is unbeatable." Voinovich is already talking like a campaigner as he describes his dreams for the Big Plum. Says the mayor: "Every city has its time, and I think Cleveland will be the city of the '80s. I hope that people will say of us that finally we did it, we finally got our act together."

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Success of a Weekend Inspector

After a week of 18-hr. workdays, Baltimore Mayor William Donald Schaefer, 59, likes nothing better than to devote a little more time to his one true love. He putters around the city's familiar alleyways in a 1975 Pontiac, gleefully noting potential sites for redevelopment, shaking his head at uncollected garbage, scowling at potholes. His observations fill pad after pad of "Mayor's Action Memos"—acerbic calls for remedial action that will be issued to his staff on Monday morning. Example: "Why is an abandoned car . . . still visible to me and invisible to the impounders of illegally parked vehicles?"

These days much of what Schaefer sees on his weekend inspections pleases him. In the ten years since he assumed office, Baltimore has blossomed. The once dingy downtown of the nation's ninth largest city (pop. 783,300) gleams with the glass, steel and fountains of Charles Center, a $175 million commercial complex. The 240 acres surrounding the city's formerly decrepit docks now feature a 33-story World Trade Center, a science museum and Harborplace, a stylish arcade of restaurants and emporiums developed by James Rouse, creator of Boston's Quincy Market. A $21.5 million aquarium containing more than 5,000 specimens will open in September. As the city's crumbling row houses have been refurbished, so has the spirit of its citizens. A local version of "I Love New York" appears on bumper stickers and buttons around town: BALTIMORE IS BEST.

Whether or not they believe that slogan, many Baltimoreans are inclined to agree with Maryland Congressman Steny Hoyer that their mayor is "the best in the country." Like New York City's Koch, Schaefer is a lifelong bachelor who returns his city's enthusiasm with total attention and visceral emotion. He will storm, fume and curse when he feels Baltimore's interests have been slighted. He cheers frenetically at Colt and Oriole games. He hoards trinkets and tokens from municipal events. Schaefer has never left his birthplace and still shares a West Side row house with his mother Tululu, 86. Even his education was home grown: City College and the University of Baltimore, which gave him a 1943 law degree. An industrious servant of the local Democratic machine, he spent twelve years working his way up to president of the city council, a post he held for four years before winning the 1971 mayoral race with 85% of the vote.

To encourage the renovation and repopulation of the city's dying neighborhoods, he instituted a "sweat equity" homesteading program, offering abandoned buildings to urban pioneers for $1 if they would promise to inhabit and improve the property. To sweeten the deal, Schaefer's administration provided low-interest home-improvement loans. Incentives for commercial development have been equally unorthodox. In 1976 he created the Baltimore Economic Development Corporation (BEDCO), an efficient, privately operated agency that acts as a one-stop clearinghouse for businesses seeking building sites and financing in Baltimore.

Donald Schaefer of Baltimore

Some political observers expect Schaefer to make a bid for the governorship or perhaps the Senate next year. So far, he has said nothing about his aspirations beyond those he has for his city. Cuts in federal aid to cities under the Reagan Administration will, he fears, jeopardize his plans to reduce crime, continue building and improve transportation—an eight-mile subway system will open next year. Baltimore's recent successes may even work against it. Says Schaefer: "Now, unless you scream about going down the drain, Washington assumes you're doing fine. We're doing fine, but we still need a lot of federal help."

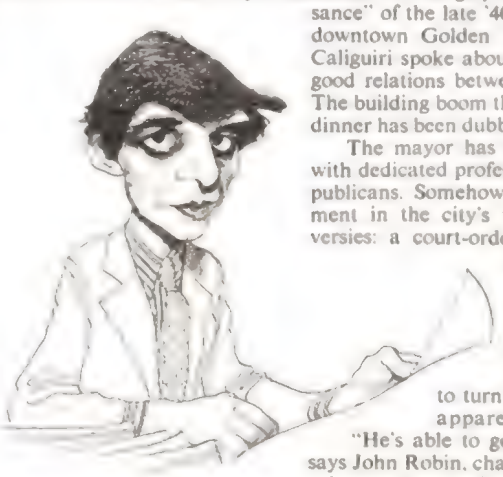
Quiet Skills of an Unbeatable "Grunt"

At first glance Pittsburgh Mayor Richard Caliguiri, 49, appears to be the very model of a modern civil servant. Indeed, he served 15 years with the parks and recreation department before getting elected to the city council in 1970. Slight (5 ft. 6 in.) and unobtrusive, he has the muzzy charm of a maître d' and avoids controversies as if they were fatal diseases. As a Democrat in a city where his party has a 5-to-1 lead in registrations, Caliguiri (pronounced Cal-i-jeery) would be favored for re-election. But the diffident mayor is so popular that barring disaster, he is a shoo-in for a second four-year term next November.

A major reason for Caliguiri's lock on his job is that he has presided over one of the few success stories among cities of the recession-plagued Northeast. Despite high unemployment in the steel industry, corporations have invested $1.5 billion in new office buildings, speeding Pittsburgh's transition from mill town to corporate center. Caliguiri is spending millions more to repair bridges, build water and sewer systems and upgrade housing in the city's older neighborhoods. Predicts the mayor: "Pittsburgh is going to be the first major city in the Northeast to see actual gains in population." (It lost 18.5% in the past decade.)

If politics were pitching, Caliguiri would be called sneaky fast. In 1977 maverick Mayor Peter Flaherty quit to take a job in the Carter Administration. As city council president, Caliguiri automatically became interim mayor; an Italian immigrant's son and home-town boy, he got his first city job, as he puts it, as "a grunt in the parks department." In return for six months in the municipal limelight, Caliguiri promised Democratic bosses that he wouldn't run for a full term. Or so they understood. Shortly after the primary, lifelong Party Regular Caliguiri turned uppity and declared himself an independent candidate. He cannily put the city's money where his mouth was. Between taking over as mayor and easily beating the official Democratic candidate, Mayor Caliguiri spent $17 million, or roughly $40 per Pittsburgher, repaving potholed streets.

Caliguiri's style is to try for conciliation rather than confrontation. On his first day in office, he skipped an important Democratic rally to dine at the bluebloods' Duquesne Club with members of the Allegheny Conference on Community Development. The conference, which included the heads of Gulf, U.S. Steel and other corporations, had been largely responsible for the "Renaissance" of the late '40s and '50s that rebuilt the downtown Golden Triangle. At that dinner, Caliguiri spoke about his desire to re-establish good relations between business and city hall. The building boom that began shortly after that dinner has been dubbed "Renaissance II."



Richard Caliguiri of Pittsburgh

The mayor has staffed his administration with dedicated professionals, some of them Republicans. Somehow he has avoided embroilment in the city's two major recent controversies: a court-ordered school desegregation plan, and the awarding of a cable TV contract by the city council that is still in litigation. An administrator's administrator, Richard Caliguiri has managed to turn quiet competence into an apparently unbeatable virtue. "He's able to get along with everybody," says John Robin, chairman of the Urban Redevelopment Authority. "How long this can last I don't know, but it's quite remarkable."

"It Was Given on a Crown of Thorns"

Few San Franciscans will forget the ashen face of Dianne Feinstein, 47, on the day she became acting mayor in November 1978. Just nine days earlier, the Guyana massacre had jolted the city, which had been the nurturing ground of Jim Jones' Peoples Temple. Now it was Feinstein's terrible duty to announce that Mayor George Moscone and Harvey Milk, a homosexual member of the board of supervisors, had been assassinated by a disgruntled former board member. As president of the board, Feinstein became acting mayor. "I found myself into the politics of assassination," she recalls. It was a "very repulsive" way of getting the job she twice ran for unsuccessfully, she said, adding, "It was given on a crown of thorns."

The path to what she called the "emotional reconstruction" of the city also proved thorny. In short order, Feinstein had to contend with "the White Night Riot," a violent demonstration that pitted gays against police. Then there were conflicts with the police department that led to the firing of popular Police Chief Charles Gain, a citywide teachers' strike and problems with the city's transportation union. Feinstein's cool head, fair but tough negotiating style and politically adroit appointments won her enough favor among the city's diverse ethnic and interest groups to let her be elected mayor in her own right in 1979. Feinstein believes that her record tends to disprove "the theory that women mayors don't make it."

A 1955 Stanford graduate, Feinstein used a foundation grant to do a study of criminal justice, which led eventually to her appointment as the youngest member of California's women's board of terms and paroles. She also made a name for herself around the city by serving on several committees dealing with crime and prisons. This paid off handsomely when she ran for the board of supervisors in 1969. In an at-large contest, she defeated five incumbents, automatically becoming board president.

In her early mayoral campaigns, she lost thunderously to Republican Incumbent Joseph Alioto in 1971 and failed to gain a runoff in the 1975 race. She was often accused during this period of being a political waffler. In fact, her views have shifted over the years. Once considered a liberal, especially on environmental issues, she has gradually moderated her position and developed strong ties with business and a reputation for fiscal conservatism.

Feinstein has been married three times. She has a daughter, Katherine Anne, 24, by her first marriage, which ended in divorce. Her second husband, Neurosurgeon Bertram Feinstein, died of cancer shortly before she became mayor. She has since married Financier Richard Blum, whose active role in his wife's career has been criticized in some quarters, leading one columnist to dub the mayor "Feinblum."

Feinstein of San Francisco

Proud of her city's "richness and diversity of people and life-styles," Feinstein takes particular delight in the fact that San Francisco is one of only four major U.S. cities operating in the black. Last week she was able to announce a 10.4% increase in the city budget, allowing her to hire 91 badly needed policemen and 33 bus and streetcar workers. Still, the increase is the smallest in three years. Feinstein, a Democrat who supported Jimmy Carter to the bitter end, fears that federal cutbacks will hamper future efforts to improve city services, including a plan to refurbish San Francisco's dilapidated trademark, cable cars. Says she: "We have significantly less purchasing power than in past years, but so far the impact has only been on the surface."

Creating Popularity Out of Restraint

After eight years as mayor of Los Angeles, Thomas Bradley, 63, remains a diffident and elusive figure. "He doesn't tell anyone his private thoughts, not even me," his wife Ethel once said. Nor is he given to fiery outbursts, one-liners or gabbing with reporters. Says he: "I prefer to work quietly behind the scenes rather than get into a big public debate that accomplishes nothing." Politically he describes himself as "fiscally conservative and liberal on other issues. You cannot pin me down."

That proved a problem for Republican Sam Yorty, who was swamped by Bradley in last April's mayoral race. "He doesn't offend people because he doesn't take a stand on anything," gripes Yorty, who defeated Bradley in 1969 but lost to him four years later. By and large, the mayor's understated ways have earned him almost worshipful respect. "Tom Bradley's cool under fire," says Governor Jerry Brown. Says John Mack, head of the Los Angeles Urban League: "He is one of our heroes."

The son of a Texas sharecropper, Bradley moved West with his parents at age seven in a used Model T. His father struggled to support the family as a waiter and railroad porter and eventually separated from his wife. During the Depression the Bradleys had to accept public assistance, in those days the equivalent of welfare. A gifted runner, the 6-ft. 4-in. Bradley won an athletic scholarship to U.C.L.A. but quit school to join the city police department. After 21 years on the force, he used the law degree he had earned at night to start a practice. In 1969, following six years of service as a city councilman, he made his first bid for mayor.

Bradley considers crime "the No. 1 problem" he has faced as mayor: "It's unexplainable and it's frightening." In 1980 Los Angeles had a record 1,023 murders, in contrast with 490 when he took office. Bradley has doubled the police budget during his two terms, an increase largely consumed by inflation. To his chagrin, a plan to raise additional revenues through a special tax was defeated in a referendum last week.

Problem No. 2 is the budget—particularly the exorbitant costs of municipal police and fire department pensions. In fiscal 1982 pensions will cost the city $238 million, or 76¢ for every dollar of salary. In the past, handouts from the state legislature allowed the city to meet these expenses. Thanks in part to cutbacks mandated by Proposition 13, which slashed state tax revenues, Los Angeles is facing an $80 million deficit; Bradley has already laid off 400 city workers and cut library hours and recreation services. Warns the mayor: "Unless we have a charter amendment [to slash the pension funds], the only departments we'll be able to finance are police and fire."

Bradley of Los Angeles

Critics accuse Bradley of not doing enough to promote mass transit in the city of freeways. Some blacks believe he should have pushed harder for school desegregation and civil rights. But most Angelenos feel that their mayor is not to blame for the city's problems. In fact, his political support is so sound that many consider him a cinch for the Democratic nomination for Governor in 1982, when Jerry Brown is expected to run for the Senate. Polls have shown Bradley to be the strongest Democratic candidate and a tough opponent for any Republican now visible. Bradley has yet to announce his candidacy, but according to Mickey Kantor, Brown's former campaign manager, the mild-mannered mayor "has all the numbers he would need to be one step away from becoming the first black Governor of the Golden State."

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MIDDLE EAST

Pausing at the Summit

Begin and Sadat can smile, but the missile crisis in Lebanon remains

The event was a kind of diplomatic curiosity, a summit that was more of a side show, hastily arranged and with no momentous agenda. It was, in fact, a meeting that was called not so much to work out major agreements as to satisfy the needs of each of the celebrated participants. Under a blazing Sinai sun and a deep azure sky, Israel's Prime Minister Menachem Begin and Egypt's President Anwar Sadat met last week for their tenth summit since Sadat made his ice-breaking visit to Jerusalem in 1977.

The talks did not last long—only 90 minutes, half an hour less than planned. And, as anticipated, they produced no ground-breaking agreement, or at least none the two leaders were willing to reveal. But the very fact that the meeting had occurred seemed to be enough to allow each man to walk away pleased, although Begin clearly had more reason to smile. He had got Sadat to agree with him on a key point: that Syria was to blame for the missile crisis in Lebanon. Declared Sadat: "My view is that the Syrian forces should withdraw from Lebanon. [They were] the cause of everything."

Sadat had feared that war between Syria and Israel would scuttle all chances of a comprehensive settlement in the region, and perhaps endanger the Camp David peace accord with Israel as well. The summit bought time until U.S. Special Envoy Philip Habib could return from consultations in Washington and this week resume his shuttle diplomacy between Middle East capitals.

Begin's motives—at least to many Israeli voters, who go to the polls on June 30 for national elections—seemed more transparently political. The summit reminded the electorate that it was Begin who signed the first peace treaty with an Arab neighbor. As a top aide to the Israeli Prime Minister put it: "The most important thing is to show the world that, in spite of the Lebanon crisis, the Israeli-Egyptian rapprochement continues."

The talks, fittingly, were held at Sharm el Sheikh (renamed Ofira by the Israelis), the port city near the southern tip of the last stretch of the Sinai that is due to revert to Egyptian sovereignty next April. Each leader brought along an entourage: Begin's included Foreign Minister Yitzhak Shamir and Agriculture Minister Ariel Sharon; Sadat was aided by Foreign Minister Kamal Hassan Ali.

Like the veteran and skilled performers they are, Begin and Sadat once again put on a public display of warmth and respect that reflected their private views of each other. They talked at the White Elephant, a local restaurant on a sandy strand of beautiful Naama Bay. Relaxed and smiling, the two leaders posed in wicker chairs on the restaurant's windswept veranda like a couple of contented tourists. There was a brief moment when the air of cordiality at the conference was threatened by an angry demonstration of Israeli settlers, who will be forced to leave when the territory returns to Egypt. Sadat later deftly handled the situation by agreeing to hear, although not agree to, the complaints of a small settler delegation.

Although the Lebanon crisis was the main topic at the summit, there were no indications that any course of action had been worked out. At a joint press conference, Begin asserted that he and Sadat had "made important agreements, serious solutions," the nature of which he could not reveal. With curious bombast, he added: "This day, the fourth of June, 1981, will be known as one of the good days in my life, the life of President Sadat and of our peoples."

Sadat succeeded in winning a public commitment from Begin to give Habib "ample time" to settle the crisis over Syria's deployment of antiaircraft missiles in Lebanon. But he failed to persuade Begin to curtail Israel's air and ground assaults against the Palestinians in Lebanon. To the dismay of at least one foreign ministry official in Cairo, the summit gave Begin a well-publicized chance to characterize the Palestine Liberation Army as bloodthirsty terrorists "planning day and night to carry out incursions into our country, to take hostages, and to kill men, women and children." Begin also restated his position that Israel would never again share possession of Jerusalem with the Arabs. Begin's stand was an unsettling reminder of just how far apart the two sides still were. To discuss such matters, President Reagan last week invited Sadat and whoever is the Israeli Prime Minister after the elections to meet with him separately in Washington in August and September, respectively.

Sadat's position in the Arab world was scarcely enhanced last week by the spectacle of an Arab leader on the same platform with an Israeli Prime Minister chastising another Arab head of state. Yet the Egyptian President charged that Syrian President Hafez Assad had created the missile crisis to divert attention from what Sadat described as a "civil war" at home. Sadat sneered that Assad would "not ask for war because it would remove him at once."

The Israelis were reassured at the summit that if they did go to war with Syria, they would not have to worry about the Egyptian army. Said Sadat: "We have pledged together that the October [1973] war will be the last war."

Under Israel's strict election laws, pictures of Begin getting a little help from his friend Sadat cannot be shown on television during the four-week campaign. But no such limitations confronted an

As pleased and relaxed as two tourists in the sun, Prime Minister Begin and President Sadat chat during their meeting in the southern Sinai

election-campaign movie team from Begin's Likud coalition; it filmed the proceedings to get material for a five-minute prime-time election commercial. To avoid any appearance that he was taking sides in the Israeli election, Sadat had invited opposition Labor Party Leader Shimon Peres to visit him at a later date. But a Begin aide said with glee, "It's clear Sadat is voting for us."

The summit occurred the very week that the Israeli election campaign got under way—just as Likud edged ahead of Labor in one poll, 34% to 33%, after trailing, 14% to 44%, in January. To counter the summit as best it could, the Labor Party scheduled a Knesset debate on Begin's recently revealed 1978 commitment, taken without parliamentary consent, to commit Israel's air force to help Lebanon's right-wing Christians in the event of attack by Syrian airpower. The debate grew so heated at one point that Labor Opposition Member Michael Harish jumped from his seat and yelled at Begin, "You are lying to the Knesset!" In the uproar, Harish finally retracted the word lying but continued to charge that Begin had not told the full truth about Israel's agreement with the Christians.

Meanwhile, Israeli aircraft and seaborne forces again attacked Palestinian positions up and down the coast of Lebanon. The intensive raids had started the week before, and prompted two visits to Begin's office over the weekend by U.S. Ambassador Samuel Lewis. The Ambassador passed along complaints from the State Department that Israel's actions were endangering Habib's mediation efforts. In a CBS interview, Begin responded that he had explained to Habib "an unaccountable number of times" that Israel intended to continue its "preventive operations against the P.L.O. terrorists."

There were indications that an Arab-initiated solution for the missile confrontation was still being zealously pursued. Syrian Foreign Minister Abdel Halim Khaddam made a quick trip to Saudi Arabia carrying a message from Assad to King Khalid. It was the third such exchange in the past two weeks about the specifics of an arrangement to persuade the Syrians to remove their missiles in return for some modification of the Israelis' reconnaissance flights over Lebanon. To sweeten the deal, the Saudis are reported to have already delivered $1 billion of a $4 billion economic and financial package to Damascus. Additionally, the Saudis are believed to have agreed to work with the Jordanians and the Iraqis to end the support that these two nations have been giving the fanatical Muslim Brotherhood, which is seeking to overthrow Assad's regime. One possible indication of the growing importance of the Saudis in working out an agreement is that Habib's first port of call will be the capital city of Riyadh.

The very fact that Assad had not yet backed down in the face of the Israeli threats and the Habib peace mission enhanced his standing with the Arab states, which were rallying to his support against Israel. The Arabs were still concerned about Syria's ties to the Soviet Union, which supplied the SA-6 missiles that were the cause of contention. At their summit meeting, Sadat said that he and Begin had a "full understanding," in the words of the Prime Minister, about the dangers of the Soviets' getting a firmer foothold in the Middle East.

If there was no evidence that the Soviets were supplying the Syrians with new weapons during the confrontation, there was clear proof last week that they were giving them to the Palestinians in Lebanon. The Libyans were acting as middlemen in the deal; in the past three weeks they have sent in some 52 trucks loaded with Soviet-made rocket launchers, 130-mm artillery pieces and four-barrel, radar-controlled antiaircraft guns. In addition, about a month ago, Libyan Strongman Muammar Gaddafi gave the Palestinians $75 million as a gift.

At week's end, as Habib prepared to resume his shuttle, Arab League foreign ministers from Lebanon, Syria, Saudi Arabia and Kuwait were gathering at Beiteddin, southeast of Beirut. Lebanon's President Elias Sarkis was expected to submit a series of proposals aimed at restoring stability to his shattered land. The way out was yet to be found, but the fact that diplomacy had for five straight weeks averted a military conflict raised hopes that a lasting solution was at least conceivable. *—By Marguerite Johnson. Reported by David Aikman/Sharm el Sheikh and Nathaniel Harrison/Cairo*

Supporting cast: Egypt's Ali; Israel's Sharon and Shamir

A promise of "ample time" for Habib to do his work.

LEBANON

Where There's Hope—and Life

Beirut's dwellers refuse to surrender to despair

For the past two months Beirut has again been rocked by artillery duels between competing militia groups. The latest outburst of violence reached its climax last week on a warm Sunday afternoon when the Mediterranean was a deep, shadowy blue, with only a suggestion of surf, and the beaches were crowded. Suddenly, unaccountably, the Christians and Muslims both began to shell the area. The carnage: 20 dead and 270 wounded. How have the 1 million Beirutis been coping with the relentless destruction of their once beautiful city and the periodic slaughter of their people? Reports TIME *Middle East Bureau Chief William Stewart:*

It is a measure of Beirut's battle-hardened toughness that only two days after the attacks, stores reopened, trade flourished and the bars and restaurants were once again jammed with pleasure-seekers. The flower shops that proliferate in almost every quarter of the city were filled with carnations and snapdragons that spilled over onto the sidewalk in elegant displays. At countless intersections, the fruit and vegetable stands that sell the best fresh food in the Middle East were doing a thriving business. All the city's 86 banks —more numerous than before the civil war—were open for business. The British embassy went ahead with a reception for David Roberts, Her Majesty's new Ambassador. Shrugged one bejeweled Beirut partygoer: "What else can we do? One has to go out."

Only a block from the site of the shelling on the beach, construction workers were back on the job building a 14-story luxury apartment house. All of Beirut's six universities remained open. At the Commodore Hotel's famed circular bar, bankers, businessmen, armed security guards, militiamen, spies and a few tourists were talking about land values. Indeed all over Beirut, the wheeling and dealing for which the city is celebrated had resumed. With land scarce and money plentiful because hardly anyone pays taxes, the Beirutis continue to invest heavily in property that has risen astronomically in price despite the destruction. Said one businessman: "People who never had a house before are building one now, while those who had them are rebuilding. I know a family whose home has been destroyed three times, and they have rebuilt three times. You can't kill hope."

Hope is conspicuously alive at Summerland, the $25 million seaside resort built during the civil war. Though many of its 151 rooms are empty, the hotel has kept on a staff of more than 300, in the expectation that better days must surely follow. Summerland's bar, restaurant and two outdoor pools are still crowded. Said Sheik Khaled Saab, Summerland's part owner and general manager: "We Beirutis have the will to live. We've become immune to many things. We know if the artillery is 'incoming' or 'outgoing.' We can even tell the caliber. We're all optimists. Keeping this place open is an act of faith in the country."

Beirut's main hotels and restaurants are situated in West Beirut, on the Muslim side of the Green Line, which separates the two sides. At the chic Chez Jean Pierre restaurant, guests flinch involuntarily at the sniper fire just down the street. At night, Syrian troops man checkpoints: you quickly flick on the overhead light in your car to let them get a good look at you.

Sunbathing at the St. Georges Hotel near the beachfront where the carnage took place

Though hope is alive, guests flinch involuntarily at the sniper fire just down the street.

Smoke wreathes city as shelling continues

Public services are virtually nonexistent. Trash lies uncollected in the rabbit warren of streets. There is no reliable mail delivery and no sure telephone service. To cope, the residents of West Beirut have organized their neighborhoods into self-contained, self-ruling cities within the city. Apartment dwellers band together to hire security guards, buy fuel and collect the garbage. One grocery-store owner claims that fear and anarchy have produced some advantages: "We can't go out at night so the whole family stays home. My God, at first it was such a strain, but now we all know each other much better. Besides our business is making money. I haven't paid taxes in years. Who would I pay them to? There isn't any government."

In contrast to freewheeling West Beirut, East Beirut is orderly, clean and well run. Services and the semblance of a city government have been established by the right-wing Christian Phalangist Party, which has assessed the value of local businesses and property and taxed owners accordingly. Each day the Phalangist radio station, the Voice of Lebanon, decrees the price of meat, milk, eggs and other staples. Party men then fan out over East Beirut to enforce price controls.

Unlike the Berlin Wall, the Green Line has been crossed or circumvented every day since the current crisis began. Though the city has a unique Christian and Muslim heritage, it has only one way of life, which has been temporarily and bitterly disrupted by political extremists who continue to trade on fear. The vast majority of Beirutis want their city back together again. It is that hope that keeps the hotels and restaurants open, the banks operating and the universities functioning. Each Sunday, without doubt, they will once again flock to their beaches, which have already been washed clean of blood by the impassive Mediterranean. ■

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President Reagan meeting with French Foreign Minister Cheysson in the Oval Office

FRANCE

Socialist with a Lordly View

As the election fight begins, Mitterrand remains above the fray

By midnight Sunday, the last of the 2,700 candidates had registered and the race was on that would decide France's immediate political fortunes. Once again, campaign posters sprouted across the land like wild flowers after a spring rain. At the behest of France's new President, François Mitterrand, the country plunged last week into its second election campaign of 1981, a lightning, three-week blitz to elect a new National Assembly, one that Mitterrand fully intends to see reflect his own Socialist image.

The President may well have his way. His stunning victory last month over former President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing appears to have begun a swing to the Socialists. One poll last week gave the Socialists and their allies, the tiny Left Radical Movement, 36% of the vote, up dramatically from the 28% they won on the first presidential ballot. According to most forecasts, the Socialists could double their current total of 117 seats in the 491-member National Assembly when the two rounds of elections—on June 14 and 21—are completed. Barring a string of disasters at the local level, the Socialists should at least be within easy striking distance of a parliamentary majority of 246 seats.

Ensconced in his office at the Elysée Palace, Mitterrand followed the example of an Olympian predecessor, Charles de Gaulle, and stayed nobly above the battle. He continued to pursue a skillful dual strategy of playing to his left-wing constituency, while reassuring skeptics that he would not go off on a Marxist bender. Prime Minister Pierre Mauroy announced measures to aid France's less privileged voters. Among them, a 10% increase in the minimum wage and hikes in social security and housing benefits.

"We're off to a good start," declared Labor Leader Edmond Maire, head of the Confédération Française Démocratique du Travail. But the prospect of a Socialist majority in parliament sent many investors running for cover. The Paris Bourse dropped eight points last week, steepening a slide that had decreased overall values 26% since Mitterrand's election on May 10.

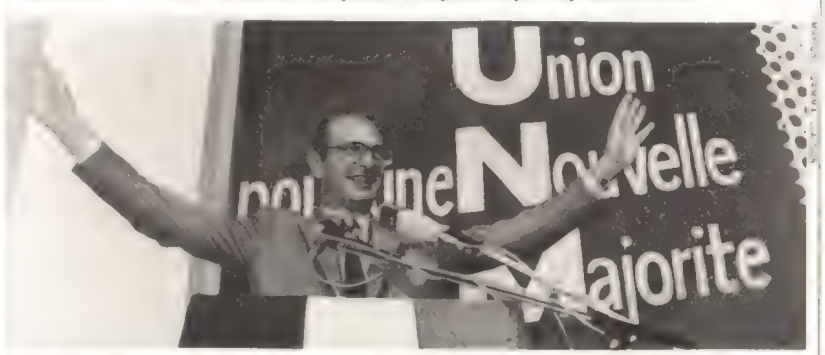
Mitterrand's comments on foreign affairs were obviously designed to project a moderate image. In an interview with New York *Times* Columnist James Reston, the first Mitterrand has given since his election, he enunciated a world view much like Giscard's and, on the subject of East-West relations, delivered opinions not far removed from Ronald Reagan's. Mitterrand condemned the Soviet Union's deployment of medium-range SS-20 missiles and supported the Camp David accords between Israel and Egypt. At the same time, Mitterrand outlined policies sure to raise hackles in Washington: French support for a Palestinian state and for the revolutionary movements in Nicaragua and El Salvador.

To buttress his measured statements, Mitterrand dispatched his Foreign Minister, Claude Cheysson, 61, on a soothing, get-acquainted trip to West Germany and the U.S. Stopping first in Bonn, Cheysson went out of his way to reaffirm the special relationship between France and West Germany, ties anchored in recent years by Giscard's friendship with Chancellor Helmut Schmidt. Cheysson got an equally warm reception in Washington. Meeting with Reagan, Secretary of State Alexander Haig and other Administration officials, he stressed—with considerable charm—that Mitterrand intended to maintain longstanding French policies.

Much of the wariness that had greeted Mitterrand's personal victory at the polls stemmed in part from the Socialists' long, if stormy, association with the pro-Soviet French Communist Party—and from the possibility of a Communist role in the new government. But as the two parties met last week to discuss working together, the Socialists were decidedly cool to their old comrades, whom they need less today than in the past. At the conclave, Socialist First Secretary Lionel Jospin ticked off the major issues that divide the parties. Unlike the Socialists, the Communists want sweeping nationalization of industry; they support the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and condemn the free-labor movement in Poland.

In the end, the Socialist-Communist talks produced a bland accord, the centerpiece of which was an agreement to support each other's candidates in the second round of voting. The Socialists were conspicuously silent about granting ministerial posts to Communists in return for the party's support at the polls. Clearly the Communists were at their lowest ebb in over 40 years. The same poll that gave the Socialists 36% of next week's votes forecast that the Communists were likely to poll a mere 14% of the tally—down from their poor 15.3% score in the presidential elections.

Prospects for Mitterrand's center-right opponents are little better. Since Giscard's defeat, leadership of the fractious opposition has passed to Paris Mayor Jacques Chirac. Last week Chirac mounted a strident, nonstop campaign. But, according to forecasts, his Rally for the Republic and Giscard's Union for French Democracy will win less than 40% of the vote. In private pep talks to confederates, the mayor insists that "we have a good chance of winning." His argument convinces almost no one—least of all François Mitterrand. —*By John Nielsen. Reported by Henry Muller/Paris*



Paris Mayor Chirac campaigning in the west of France for the center-right parties

Campaign posters sprouted across the land like wild flowers after a spring rain

Secretary of State Alexander Haig (left) with South African Foreign Minister Roelof Botha

NAMIBIA

Puzzling Package to Wrap

Getting rid of both South Africans and Cubans

Ever since his election, Ronald Reagan has sounded the theme of a new, "constructive" tilt in U.S. relations with racist South Africa. As the President has put it, "Can we abandon a country that has stood beside us in every war we've ever fought,* a country that strategically is essential to the free world?" Translating that concern into policy, however, has turned out to be a complex and tricky business. Just how much so became clear last week as fragments emerged of the evolving U.S. plan for handling an explosive issue that pits South Africa against black Africa: Who will rule Namibia?

South Africa administers mineral-rich Namibia (pop.: 1 million, including 100,000 whites) under a 1920 League of Nations mandate that the U.N. formally revoked in 1966. Since then, Pretoria has had to fight a low-key guerrilla war against some 8,000 members of the Marxist-dominated and Soviet-armed South West Africa People's Organization (SWAPO). South Africa values Namibia as a buffer zone against Marxist Angola, a SWAPO haven. With 20,000 troops in Namibia, the South Africans have launched sharp punitive raids against SWAPO camps in Angola.

Under the Carter Administration, the U.S. actively joined international efforts to make South Africa relinquish Namibia. In 1978, with U.S. approval, the U.N. Security Council passed Resolution 435, which called for South African military withdrawal from Namibia and elections for a national constituent assembly under the aegis of a U.N. peace-keeping force. Last December it looked as if South Africa would grudgingly go along. A month later, it changed its mind. Among other things, the South Africans apparently feared that SWAPO would win control of Namibia at the polls, in the manner of Marxist Robert Mugabe last year in neighboring Zimbabwe.

Secretary of State Alexander Haig remains as eager as ever to see the Namibian problem settled. But U.S. views on how to do so are now markedly different. One big reason: the assumption, in the words of a high State Department official, that U.N. Resolution 435 "is a leaky ship that's not going anywhere."

Washington's new plan for Namibian independence calls for assembling an "expert panel" to write a national constitution that would guarantee rights to the white minority. Only then would national elections be called. The framework of the scheme was outlined by Haig to South African Foreign Minister Roelof Botha during Botha's May visit to Washington.

Perhaps more important are differences between the Reagan and Carter Administrations about ridding Angola of the 12,000 to 20,000 Cuban troops that have remained there since they helped leftist forces win the civil war in 1976. Carter policy implicitly accepted an Angolan claim that the Cubans would leave after the South Africans pulled out of Namibia. The Reagan Administration, on the other hand, is under heavy pressure from Republican hard-liners like Senator Jesse Helms to make Cuban withdrawal a prior condition for the Namibian settlement. Helms also wants the U.S. to force Angola into sharing power with the guerrilla group backed by South Africa known as the National Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNITA).

Without going nearly that far, the Administration did begin to work out an "empirical relationship" between Namibia and Angola. Nonetheless, Haig was hesitant to commit himself publicly to a Namibia-Angola policy that would be as difficult to put into effect as the one advocated by Helms. Indeed, when details of the new U.S. thinking were leaked, the six "front-line" black-ruled countries in southern Africa—Angola, Mozambique, Botswana, Zimbabwe, Zambia and Tanzania—loudly insisted that U.N. Resolution 435 was the only legitimate route to Namibian independence.

Such veteran Africa hands as Lord Carrington, Britain's Foreign Secretary, have told Washington that if there is to be any Namibia-Angola "linkage" it will have to involve a Namibian settlement first, and pressure for Cuban withdrawal afterward. In West Germany, Foreign Ministry officials are openly derisive about the prospects for linkage. Says one: "What on earth are they smoking back in Washington? This is blue-sky stuff."

Maybe. But while Haig likes the anti-Soviet, anti-Cuban approach, he is also a pragmatist. Thus the State Department's current thinking is to discuss the issues together without explicitly making them part of a diplomatic package. Haig this week is sending Deputy Secretary of State William P. Clark to South Africa and Namibia. The prospect is for more lengthy negotiations over Namibia, which should suit the South Africans fine. Their basic policy is, as always, to buy time in handing over one of the continent's last colonial vestiges. *—By George Russell. Reported by Marsh Clark/Johannesburg and Roberto Suro/Washington*

*Reagan was hyperbolizing. The government of Jan Smuts did fight beside the U.S. in World War II, for example, but almost all leaders of the National Party that took power in 1948 had been violently opposed to Smuts' stand at the time.

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SOUTH AFRICA

Specter at the Celebration

Whites mark an anniversary, but blacks look angrily ahead

It was conceived as the most elaborate flag-waving event in years, a monthlong Republic Festival to celebrate South Africa's 20th anniversary as an independent republic. From the Cape shoreline to the Transvaal highlands, South Africans launched a series of sporting events and pageants. "All racial groups can be fired anew with determination and genuine patriotism," intoned State President Marais Viljoen.

From the outset, however, the celebrations ran afoul of the country's bitter, racially divided heritage. At Johannesburg's University of the Witwatersrand, black and white students boycotted classes to protest the festival and set off three days of demonstrations, flag burnings and brawls. On the outskirts of the city, police fired tear gas and waded into crowds of demonstrators with dogs and *sjamboks*, quirts traditionally used by Afrikaner farmers and originally made of rhino hide. Soon more than 50 organizations with a total membership in the millions were formally boycotting the festivities. Declared an *ad hoc* committee formed to protest the celebrations: "The Republic Festival is window dressing to fool the world that all is fine in sunny South Africa." Snapped Black Leader Gatsha Buthelezi: "We cannot celebrate our own oppression."

Just before the nation's schoolchildren were let out for a five-day holiday to join in the festivities, the resentment turned into outright violence. Sections of railroad were blown up by terrorist bombs outside Johannesburg and Durban. In East London, black nationalist guerrillas lobbed a hand grenade into a police station and raked the building with automatic-rifle fire. Two days later, other saboteurs set off an explosive device at a South African Defense Force recruiting center in Durban.

The disturbances and sabotage dramatized the mounting tension and deepening sense of foreboding that have come to pervade South Africa. Despite some recent loosening of the white supremacist apartheid laws, blacks, who form 71.5% of the population of 27.7 million, are insisting with increasing militance that the time has come for them to share political power with the white, Afrikaner-dominated government. The successful black liberation movements of nearby Angola, Zimbabwe and Mozambique have given their cause new urgency and credibility. After years of international isolation, a growing number of the white minority is realizing that the tenacious dream of maintaining apartheid forever is illusory. By the year 2000, whites will constitute only 13.7% of the population and just 7% of the work force.

Zulu Chieftain Buthelezi

Prime Minister P.W. Botha

The fiercely proud, tribally insular Afrikaner elite faces an increasingly irreconcilable dilemma: how to avoid massive civil unrest and bloodshed without relinquishing at least some power to the overwhelmingly nonwhite majority. The 2½-year-old government of Prime Minister P.W. Botha, 65, has tried to make a beginning by limiting discriminatory practices like segregation at public facilities, lifting bans against mixed sports and recognizing some black trade unions. But even these tentative reforms have angered many whites and set off a spasm of soul searching over the future course of the country that provides so much chromium, manganese, platinum and vanadium, which are so valuable to the West. Says Journalist Tertius Myburgh: "It is no longer a question of whether Afrikanerdom will split politically. It has already split."

South Africa's recent national elections, in which nonwhites were not allowed to vote, reflected unprecedented division within Botha's ruling National Party over the pace and scope of future "accommodations." Though the party, which has been in power since 1948, maintained its iron grasp on the government by winning 131 of 165 parliamentary seats, it is now supported by only 57% of South Africa's 2.1 million eligible white voters, including most of the Afrikaner majority-within-a-minority.

The opposition Progressive Federal Party, a bastion of South Africa's English-speaking white minority, attracted enough support at the polls from liberal Afrikaners to increase its parliamentary strength by nine, to 26. On the right, the ultraconservative Herstigte Nasionale Party (H.N.P.) drew 191,249 votes, compared with only 34,159 in the 1977 election. Reason: growing numbers of the Afrikaner working class fear that Botha's reform measures will prepare the way for black majority rule. Declares H.N.P. Leader Jaap Marais: "Botha is stimulating racial frictions by creating expectations. It implants the idea that the existing order is not legitimate." He adds, "We have a *kaffirboetie* government," using Afrikaans slang for "nigger lover." Says Gert Combrick, a white mineworker: "Today they are ventilation officers and electricians. In a few years I'll have a black manager, and I won't work for him."

Nonetheless, Botha vows to "continue the direction we have taken" in easing the laws that govern the so-called petty apartheid. But he has no intention of changing the far more important underlying structure of apartheid that denies blacks the right to vote in national elections, requires segregated primary and secondary schools, forbids blacks to own land in major cities and forces 52% of the black population to live in ten impoverished rural reserves, or "homelands." All together the homelands constitute 13% of South

JOHANN KLUS—RAND DAILY MAIL

Angry students rip apart a South African flag in Johannesburg

The white dilemma: how to avoid civil strife while keeping power

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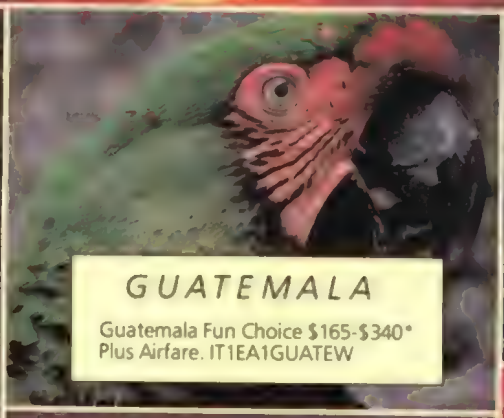

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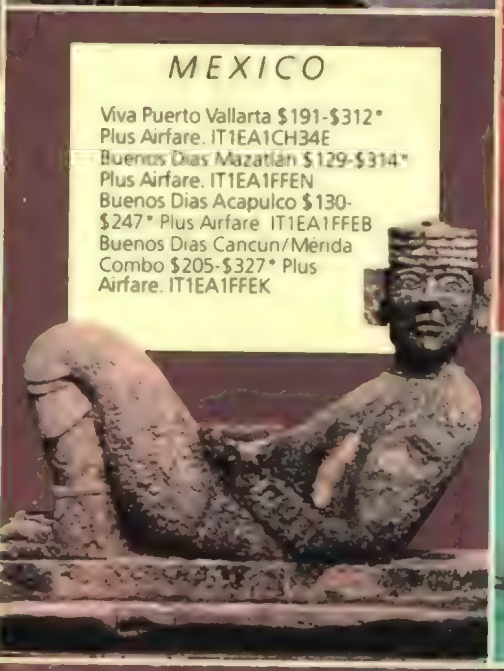

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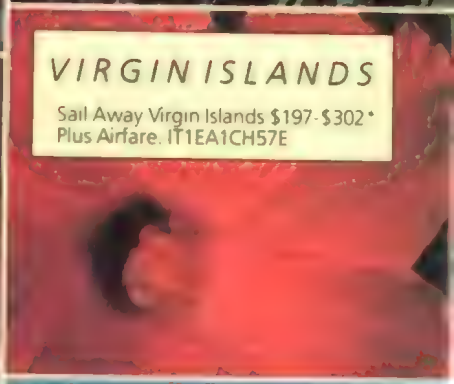

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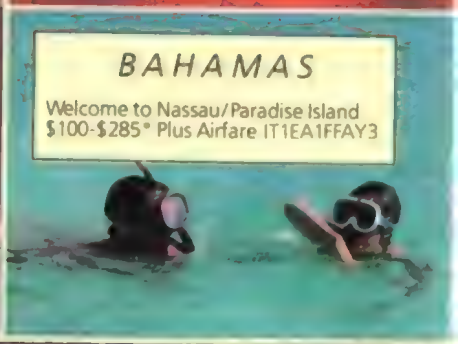

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EASTERN
WE HAVE TO EARN OUR WINGS EVERY DAY.

Africa's land area. Though administered by autonomous governments, most depend for subsistence on primitive agriculture and handouts from Pretoria. Even within Nationalist circles, the homelands concept is criticized as unworkable. But during the past 20 years, some 3 million blacks have been stripped of their South African citizenship, uprooted by the government and trucked off to these remote and hardscrabble locations.

Black leaders angrily dismiss the Nationalist reforms as so much window dressing as long as the homelands exist. "What we are witnessing is a whole people, white South Africans, moving to accept what is a fraud, a lie—that this country is white and that the blacks belong to their own little independent states," fumes Dr. Nthato Motlana, a controversial leader in the all-black township of Soweto, outside Johannesburg, where 176 died in the fierce race riots of 1976. Chief Buthelezi of the KwaZulu homeland is even blunter: "This confederal formula is a formula for death and destruction."

Despite these growing frustrations, the black movement is handicapped by one grave flaw: a lack of leadership. Since Black Activist Steve Biko was found dead in a government detention center in 1977, no leader has emerged with enough appeal to bind together South Africa's blacks, let alone unite them with the "coloreds" of mixed blood, who represent 9.4% of the population. Some potential leaders are hindered by pervasive tribal animosities or ideological differences. Zulu Chief Buthelezi, whose broad-based *Inkatha* (Ring) movement gives him some claim to a national leadership role, is broadly criticized by young militant blacks for his commitment to working peacefully within the system. Bishop Desmond Tutu, the outspoken secretary-general of the South African Council of Churches, whose passport was recently revoked by the Botha government, has no political base.

The most charismatic of the potential black leaders is Nelson Mandela, 63, head of the outlawed African National Congress (A.N.C.). Since 1964 he has been imprisoned on windswept Robben Island for antigovernment activities. But since 1976, when black unrest stirred in South Africa, the A.N.C. has been increasingly active. Mozambique-based A.N.C. guerrillas have stepped up their raids on South African targets. Last year an A.N.C. guerrilla assault on South Africa's strategic SASOL coal-to-oil conversion plants caused $7.2 million in damage. In the Pretoria suburb of Silverton, three black guerrillas held up a bank and tried to negotiate their freedom by taking hostages. Two white women were killed. A.N.C. guerrillas were also behind the well-planned Republic Festival raids. The latest round of sabotage may mark a new phase in the political uses of violence in South Africa, and it will almost surely provoke repressive measures from Pretoria.

Against this background, South Africa's booming economy, controlled by whites, has become a powerful impetus for racial reform. As the economy creates some 300,000 new jobs annually, most of which will be filled by blacks, many companies are developing color blindness. In fact, some sectors of the business community are far ahead of the government in advocating major reforms. Says Industrialist Harry Oppenheimer: "If you think of private enterprise as building a better, more prosperous and a fairer country, then the most important part of all is that black people should have major opportunities in private enterprise."

There are also signs that the black worker is beginning to lose his traditional docility. Only 2% of black employees now belong to unions, but the figure is expected to grow swiftly and substantially. Since 1976 some 25 unions have been approved by the government, and many others are unofficially recognized by employers. Disruptive labor disputes now occur at a rate of two or three times a week. In the final days of the anniversary celebration, black unions demonstrated their strength by calling simultaneous walkouts at the Ford and General Motors assembly plants in Port Elizabeth. The cost in lost production: $2 million.

Despite mounting domestic unrest, however, South Africa is still far more stable than pre-Zimbabwe Rhodesia, where blacks succeeded in establishing a government in 1980. The country is also far better equipped to withstand international pressure intended to force it to change. South Africa's military is indisputably the most powerful in the region. Commando units regularly conduct illegal raids with impunity across the borders of neighboring countries in search-and-destroy missions against A.N.C. guerrillas or forces of Namibia's South West Africa People's Organization (SWAPO).

Faced with an arms embargo imposed by the United Nations in 1977, South Africa developed its own weapons industry. Faced with an OPEC oil embargo in 1973, the country found enough willing sellers who were not members of the cartel to keep going nicely, while developing its coal and nuclear power. Within two years, thanks to conservation measures and its growing program to convert coal to oil, South Africa will meet 60% of its needs for oil and gasoline. Nor are international economic sanctions likely to give pause to the rulers in Pretoria. One ironic reason: although neighboring black nations would want to go along with a boycott, they could not for long because they depend so heavily on South African trade.

The threat to stability is internal, not external. Any number of events—the emergence of another Biko, an unforeseen economic downturn that would send black workers into the streets, harassment of a symbolic figure like Bishop Tutu—could spark further civil disorder.

South African show of military might during a Republic Festival parade in Durban

Tough, self-reliant and well suited economically to withstand a boycott.

"We have squandered our time," says Industrialist Oppenheimer, one of his country's leading liberals. "There was a time when we could have done these things quite slowly. But to avoid a revolution in South Africa, we've got to take substantive steps not only toward social justice but toward the sharing of power within a period of five years."

With their intensified militancy, growing numbers and new power, the blacks of South Africa are not likely to be bought off indefinitely by promises or good intentions. After he took office in 1978, Prime Minister Botha declared that South Africa must "adapt or die." His advice still holds good. *—By Russ Hoyle. Reported by Marsh Clark and Peter Hawthorne/Johannesburg*

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THE PHILIPPINES

Open Field for the Strongman

Foes boycott an election called by Marcos to solidify his reign

For a country about to go to the polls in a national presidential election, the Philippines was remarkably free last week of campaign rhetoric and barnstorming by candidates. There was a very good reason. The only serious contender for the office was President Ferdinand E. Marcos himself, and even he seemed to have wearied of the charade. Marcos' wife Imelda, 51, who is Human Settlements Minister and second in power only to her husband, has made a few campaign appearances, but the President, 63, has not ventured out for two weeks. The significant political opposition, meanwhile, was sticking to its unanimous decision to boycott the election, which it charged would be so stacked in Marcos' favor as to make the entire process a sham.

Seeking votes for her husband, Imelda Marcos visits a slum in the city of Cebu

"This is the first time that this motley crowd of ours has been truly united."

The election boycott was a public rebuke for Marcos, who had specifically scheduled the elections to give his 16-year rule a patina of legitimacy. He particularly wanted to show the world—and the U.S.—that he had at least partially restored democracy before he goes to the North-South economic summit in Mexico City this October. Marcos charged that the boycotters were collaborating with Muslim separatists and other outlawed groups, planning a wave of violence.

Even Marcos' opponents were surprised by their solidarity. Said Salvador Laurel, once a presidential hopeful: "This is the first time since martial law was declared in 1972 that this motley crowd of ours has been truly united." At a Manila rally urging voters to stay away from the polls, ex-Senator Gerardo Roxas attacked Marcos' record: "Every election, plebiscite and referendum has been characterized by cheating, and the people no longer have faith in the government."

Government officials continued to point out that boycotting the polls was a crime in the Philippines.* Although the law has rarely been enforced in the past, the government is prosecuting some 50 individuals of the millions who failed to vote in the April plebiscite that confirmed Marcos' strongman powers. What finally persuaded 45 groups throughout the country to organize a unified boycott against Marcos was his refusal to revamp the Commission on Elections. By its power to accredit candidates and rule on cases of voter fraud, the commission can virtually determine the outcome of an election. All eight of its members are Marcos appointees.

No sooner was Marcos left conspicuously alone at the starting gate than the breakfast clubs and coffee shops, where Filipino politicians, reporters and businessmen regularly trade information and gossip, were swept with rumors that the President's backers were dangling big money in front of potential candidates so that somebody would run against him. Assemblyman Reuben Canoy told TIME that a supporter of Marcos' had offered the equivalent of $1.3 million to Canoy if he would challenge the President. Canoy turned the opportunity down. A longtime Marcos ally eventually surfaced as a candidate: Alejo Santos, 69, the fourth choice of the Nacionalista Party, which has generally supported the Marcos regime.

The boycott will deny Marcos the mandate he needs to handle a growing economic crisis. Several of the biggest business groups in the country have been close to bankruptcy. Significantly, most of the troubled conglomerates are run by the so-called Marcos cronies, who rose to prominence under his aegis and received special loans and other favors from the government. The firms include the Herdis Group, the Delta Motors Corp., and the Construction and Development Corp. of the Philippines. The C.D.C.P. alone has received a total of 7.5 billion pesos (almost $1 billion) in government loans and guarantees, a huge sum for such a company in a developing country.

To tide these businesses over, the Central Bank is putting together a 5 billion-peso industrial rescue program. Predicts a U.S. economist: "There will come a point when the Philippine government will have to choose between printing money and allowing some major bankruptcies." At that point too, say some government and financial officials, Marcos will have to choose between protecting his cronies and heeding his own economic specialists. ■

*Compulsory voting was instituted by Marcos under martial law in 1976. Penalties range up to six months in jail and loss of the right to run for public office

BANGLADESH

Power Vacuum

Facing a future without Zia

"Life in all parts of beloved Bangladesh has returned to normal," Dacca's state radio announced triumphantly last week. For 48 hours Bangladesh had teetered toward civil war, following a coup attempt in the southeastern port of Chittagong in which President Ziaur Rahman, 45, was gunned down by an assault force of mutinous troops. Major General Abul Manzur, 40, who led the putsch against his longtime rival, had hoped for help from the military across the country. Instead, army units stormed the rebellious military garrison in Chittagong. While trying to flee to Burma, Manzur was captured and summarily shot by "angry soldiers," as Dacca radio explained. Government troops discovered Zia's body in a shallow grave 22 miles from the official guesthouse where he had been assassinated. During a state funeral in Dacca last Tuesday, a million Bangladeshi jostled and shoved to catch a glimpse of the cortege bearing Zia's simple wooden coffin.

The assassination of the popular leader, who had retired from the military in 1977 in order to take office as President and lead Bangladesh back to civilian rule, left a power vacuum in the poverty-stricken country that acting President Abdus Sattar, 75, a mild-mannered moderate, was not likely to fill for long.

The nation's constitution calls for elections within six months, but with Zia's majority Bangladesh Nationalist Party now bereft of a strong leader and the 29 opposition parties fragmented and factious, the fate of civilian rule seemed to depend on who flexes the biggest muscles. For the moment at least, the military's guns were supporting the government. ■

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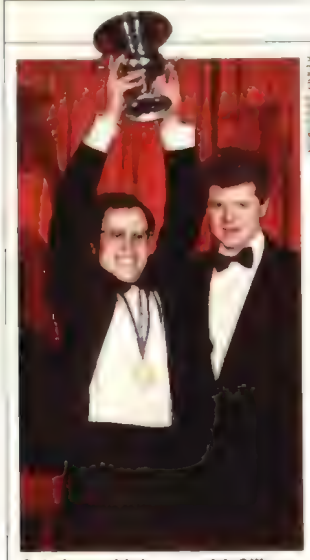
Why the best? Because Tareyton's unique charcoal filter means taste that's smooth. It means flavor that's distinctive. It means that no other cigarette is quite like Tareyton.

Ultra Low Tar 5
mg. tar
0.4 mg. nic.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

People



Schub on a high note with Cliburn

"I play tennis, but I don't win tournaments, so I didn't know what to do with it," said Pianist **André-Michel Schub,** 28, hoisting his silver trophy high over his head Bjorn Borg–style after winning the sixth Van Cliburn International Quadrennial Piano Competition. His performances during the two-week contest in Fort Worth were strictly center court. Impressed by his emotionally spare, but powerful and nearly flawless technique, the eleven-member international jury gave the Paris-born, Brooklyn-raised musician the nod over 38 other entrants. A victory on the high Cs is nothing new to Schub—in 1974 he won the Naumburg competition and three years later the Avery Fisher Prize—but the Van Cliburn win carries a $12,000 cash award, a recording contract and two years of solo and concerto appearances. Says the pianist of his now full performance schedule: "My page is black."

■

Yikes! Is CBS Chairman **William S. Paley,** 79, one of the more accomplished corporate executioners of modern times, learning yet another technique for beheading underlings? Nope. The veteran shoman-warrior, who has disposed of two CBS presidents in the past five years, was just cutting up with Actor **Toshiro Mifune** *(Tora! Tora! Tora!),* 61, during a recent visit to Japan. On location in Kyoto with the cast of *The Equals,* a CBS movie due out next year, Paley cast an experienced samureye on the set before joining Mifune in light swordplay. Affecting a traditional shogun stance, the CBS chairman cried: "Critics beware!"

Pope John Paul II opening up to well-wishers as he leaves Rome hospital

Paley raising an interesting point with Mifune on the set of *The Equals*

MacNelly tied up with Shoe

"I am devoting more time to the birdbrains in my comic strip *Shoe.* I would like to devote less time to the birdbrains on the national and international stages." So said **Jeff MacNelly,** 33, last week as he announced that he was giving up regular political cartooning. From his editorial-page perch at the Richmond (Va.) *News Leader,* MacNelly had drawn and quartered Washington wildlife through eleven years and four Administrations. His winsome wit and goofily graceful draftsmanship had won him two Pulitzer prizes and syndication in 450 newspapers. But it seemed that the wag had tailed the dogged daily routine too long. Says he: "I would like to work end to end on something." Though he plans to spend more time on *Shoe* and the feather-brained journalists who work for the *Treetops Tattler Tribune,* MacNelly is hardly going out on a limb: started less than four years ago, the strip is already syndicated in 650 newspapers.

■

With Rome's ocher-tinted buildings fairly glowing in the late-afternoon sun, **Pope John Paul II,** 61, made his way gingerly down the steps of Gemelli Hospital, almost three weeks to the hour after being felled by a terrorist's bullets. He appeared gaunt and a trifle pale, but the sparkle was back in his eye. Smiling as he walked toward his black, open-top limousine, the Pontiff stopped for an instant when greeted by a young girl bearing a welcome-back bouquet. Due for a second operation by month's end, the Pontiff was nevertheless in high spirits. "You think you can now boast that you made me a new person," he reportedly told his doctors, "but I'm the same rascal I have always been." —*By E. Graydon Carter*

On the Record

Gene Shalit, movie critic for NBC's *Today* show, on what the beleaguered network's initials stand for: "Nothing But Chaos."

Mark Russell, 48, Washington political satirist, on the Reagan Cabinet: "They're the kind of guys that come home from a white-tie affair and slip into a black tie."

Steven Bach, 41, film maker, after being ousted as head of production at United Artists: "We'll find out how badly I was hurt if I can't get a table any more at Ma Maison. Then I'm in disgrace."

Chrysler Cordoba Corinthian Edition

The Chrysler Cordoba. So finely engineered it was rated superior to Oldsmobile Cutlass in overall quality of ride, styling, fits and finishes.

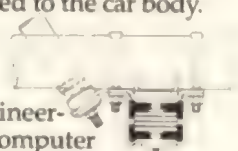
In an independent test, 50 mid-specialty car owners compared the 1981 Chrysler Cordoba to the 1981 Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme. They compared each car 39 different ways from the quality of their paint jobs to the quality of their seat seams. From the way they felt on the road to the way they looked standing still. Out of the 39 categories, Cordoba beat Cutlass 34 times.* Here are some reasons why.

Isolated transverse torsion-bars and a series of rubber isolator cushions give Cordoba its smooth ride.

When Cordoba and Cutlass were compared for riding qualities, the categories used for evaluation were: smoothness, steadiness, quietness, seating comfort, and overall riding comfort. Incredibly, Cordoba beat Cutlass in all five categories.

Cordoba's smoother, steadier ride comes from its isolated transverse torsion-bars. Chrome alloy torsion-bars are mounted to the front-wheel control arms and to the car structure, so they provide springing action by twisting.

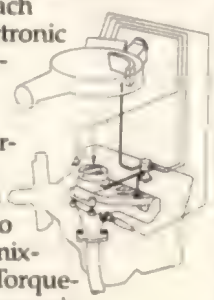
A torsion-bar twists and untwists as wheels ride over bumps. This way the torsion-bar cushions road shocks before they are transmitted to the car body.



Cordoba is a quiet car because Chrysler engineering utilized computer designed, thick, rubber cushions and put them where suspension components meet the car's body to reduce road noise and harshness before they reach Cordoba's interior.

A silky smooth 5.2 liter V8 engine and amazing Torqueflite automatic transmission. Both helped rate Cordoba superior to Cutlass in pick-up and smoothness.**

Among the categories in evaluating Cordoba and Cutlass were pick-up and smoothness. Categories Cordoba won handily. Cordoba's classic 5.2 liter V8 engine makes it responsive, easy to maintain, but most importantly, an engine with an EPA rating of 17 est. mpg, 26 est. hwy.† Designed into each engine is an electronic fuel control computer that processes signals from seven different sensors and instantly adjusts your air-fuel ratio to an optimum mixture. Cordoba's Torqueflite automatic transmission means better fuel economy because at highway speeds the torque converter locks in place. With the converter locked the engine runs slower to maintain the car's speed so less fuel is used.



Chrysler's painstaking attention to detail helped rate Cordoba superior to Cutlass in quality of fits and finishes.

During the evaluation between Cordoba and Cutlass for styling, conveniences, and quality of fits and finishes, Cordoba was picked first in 25 out of 27 categories. For example, Cordoba's front, side, and rear styling was rated superior. Cordoba's doors, exterior chrome, and moldings were picked as fitting better, for being straighter, and for having no gaps. Its hood, doors, and trunk were judged to fit better because their seams were straighter and more even.

All this is the result of Chrysler's advanced planning in design and engineering. To illustrate this, Cordoba's paint job was chosen superior because its color was even throughout and the finish was smoother. To make Cordoba's finish long lasting, a seven-step dip-and-spray treatment to guard against corrosion is applied before the car receives the first of its four coats of paint.

So thorough is Chrysler's attention to quality of styling, fits, finishes and convenience, Cordoba was selected by 34 out of the 50 judges as having superior quality overall.

We'd like you to compare the Chrysler Cordoba and see why it won easily over Cutlass Supreme.

The 1981 Chrysler Cordoba, a car you will judge superior in overall quality.

Cordoba LS model prices start at $7,765.††

$7,765. That's what the sporty Cordoba costs and here's what's standard on the Cordoba LS. A 3.7 liter 6-cylinder engine; automatic transmission, power steering, front power disc brakes, tinted glass, and many other standard features that usually are available only as options.

CHRYSLER
Plymouth

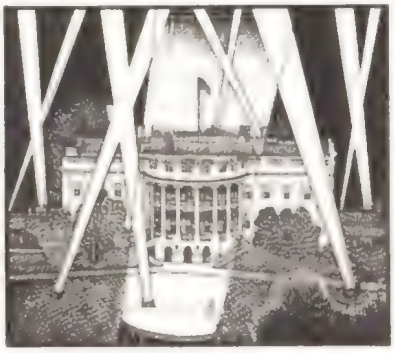
The New Chrysler Corporation

*Results reported are based on responses preferring Cordoba over Cutlass 27 out of 50 to 46 out of 50 participants depending on the category **Optional at extra cost †Use EPA est MPG for comparison. Actual mileage may vary depending on speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage probably lower. Calif. ests. lower ††Base sticker price of Cordoba LS (not shown) excluding taxes and destination charges. Optional Corinthian Edition Package shown not available on Cordoba LS

Keeping Up the Presidential Style

The search for the yacht went badly. Neither the Navy nor the Customs Service could find what the White House was looking for. The President's men had their eye briefly on John Wayne's old converted minesweeper, but the price was $2 million; the President had been sort of hoping that someone would, well, just donate a boat, accepting the nation's thanks and the tax deduction. No one volunteered, so, for now, the White House has given up trying to find a presidential yacht on which Ronald and Nancy Reagan can float down the Potomac on summer evenings, dancing with friends or lobbying Congressmen.

The problem would never have come up, of course, if Jimmy Carter had not sold the *Sequoia* in one of his paroxysms of anti-imperial budget cutting. Carter got only $286,000 for the old yacht that had served American Presidents since Hoover, but it was the symbolism of the thing that mattered. Carter took the oath of office in a $175 business suit and spurned a limousine in order to lead his Inaugural parade up Pennsylvania Avenue on foot. He went for an image of blameless frugality, a presidency in a cardigan sweater: no pomp, just folks. He even brought his relative Hugh Carter ("Cousin Cheap") all the way from Georgia to crack down on White House extravagances such as office TV sets and IBM Selectric typewriters.



Ronald Reagan practices a fancier personal style altogether. He spent $1,250 for an Inaugural morning suit (the whole elaborately striped works). As soon as he and Nancy got to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, they began investing the place with a swank and shine it has not had since early Camelot, restoring many of the touches that the minimalist Carter had banned. They put the trumpeters back on the White House balcony to welcome foreign visitors. They fully reinstated *Ruffles and Flourishes* and *Hail to the Chief*. They stationed a Marine in dress uniform at the entrance to the West Lobby, just to salute decoratively and open the door. They spent $736,000 (all privately donated) to refurbish the family living quarters of the mansion, which had become a little tacky. Nancy Reagan wears expensively elegant designer clothes ("American thoroughbred," *Women's Wear Daily* calls her look) and sets a handsome table of French dishes and the best California wines. Her Los Angeles hairdresser, Julius Bengtsson, flies in at least once a month to maintain the "highlights" in her hair.

The Carters had their own graces. But the contrast between their style and the Reagans' revives a question that was first raised in 1789, when Congress tried to decide whether the new President, George Washington, should be called "Your Highness." The question: In just what sort of style do Americans want to keep their Presidents?

The short answer is that Americans are ambivalent and unpredictable on the subject. No one expects the leader of the world's greatest democracy to live in Neronian excess: so far, no President (except maybe Warren G. Harding) has approached the White House with the attitude of Pope Leo X: "God has given us the papacy. Let us now enjoy it." On the other hand, as Carter proved, modesty of life-style does not automatically capture the nation's heart: James K. Polk brought a Presbyterian rectitude to the White House (he and his wife Sarah banned dancing and drinking), but such stern virtue did absolutely nothing to elevate Polk in the opinion of history. Chester A. Arthur went in for *luxe*, the best of everything, with roughly the same result.

Presidential styles are always a matter of elaborate psychological discretion and democratic fine tuning. A President cannot in any important way violate the values of his people or the spirit of his time; not with impunity, anyway. A President, being stand-in, scapegoat and exemplar, works even closer to the *Zeitgeist* than Phil Donahue. Before the sumptuous Reagan Inaugural, Barry Goldwater objected: "When you've got to pay $2,000 for a limousine (four-day rental required at $500 per), $7 to park and $2.50 to check your coat, at a time when most Americans can't hack it, that's ostentatious." A corollary complaint holds that it is at the very least unbecoming for Reagan, who is slashing at the federal budget like a samurai, to put on such a display of serene opulence in the details of his personal life. Elegance is inflationary. Whether or not taxpayers are actually picking up the bills (they are certainly not paying for Nancy's hairdresser or the President's first-class country-squire tweeds), the style bespeaks to some a sleek and impenetrable callousness.

But the Reagans' display is never obnoxiously luxurious. They have the poise and humor to bring it off: Ron is always armed with that grin, those boyishly wholesome jelly beans. Besides, most of America would judge it hypocritical or bizarre if the Reagans suddenly started serving tuna casseroles at state dinners and getting their clothes at J.C. Penney. The presidency is a form of national theater; even in difficult times, Americans may still like to see a little sumptuousness there, in the same way they like to see Fred Astaire movies during their depressions. The trick is to be impressive without looking either corrupt or ridiculous. Richard Nixon's Graustarkian palace guard uniforms got him caught on the second point.

From the beginning, American presidential style has had to lean simultaneously in two different directions: the character in the White House should behave with becoming democratic modesty: *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* and so on. But he must also express—in word, deed, bearing, personality, haircut and haberdashery—the greatness of the idea and the people he represents. Lacking royalty, Americans need at least a little regality in their four-year constitutional rulers. The President today probably has too many expensively soundproofed helicopters in which he can flutter impressively here and there; but they are the late 20th century equivalent of George Washington's transportation arrangements. Washington's cream-and-gilt coach was the best in America. When he went out to ride on his horse, its hoofs were meticulously blacked, its mouth washed out, its teeth picked and cleaned, its hide curried to a satin sheen.

A President's social style—whether he serves lemonade or champagne, for example—sets something of a tone for his Administration, and even, in subliminal ways, for his epoch. But such questions of style do not alter, from one Administration to another, the immense and extravagant enterprise of the presidency, a multimillion-dollar-a-year project whose essence is not decor, but power. As Oliver Wendell Holmes once said: "The general's reward is not a larger tent, but command." Unless a President starts inhaling cocaine and roller-skating in the Oval Office, his personal style is as much his own business as his accent. Americans have generally had the sense to worry more about what he did with the power.

—By Lance Morrow

Illustration for TIME by Gary Viskupic

Isn't it time to give a real tax break to savers?

For some time, we've been pointing out that Americans save an average of only 5.5% of their income—while Britons save an average of 13%, West Germans 15% and Japanese a healthy 26%.

Why? The U.S. actually discourages saving by taxing so much of the interest earned. That's why we think Congress should raise the limits on tax-free savings interest to $1,000 for individuals and $2,000 for joint tax returns.

We've been asking you to vote on this issue, and so far we're averaging 12,000 ballots a day—with 99% in favor.

We also think Congress should approve tax-deferred Individual Retirement Accounts (IRAs) for everyone. This would encourage millions of Americans to save now for retirement, which could relieve some of the pressure on our Social Security System.

What do you think? Please fill out the ballot and let us know. If the ballot has already been removed from this page, you can still vote at your nearby Savings & Loan Association.

If we all speak up, Washington will listen.

The Savings & Loan Foundation

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BALLOT

Question: Should the first $1,000-$2,000* of interest on savings be tax-free? ☐ Yes ☐ No

*$1,000 for individuals, $2,000 for joint tax returns.

Question: Should everyone be entitled to a tax-deferred retirement account? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Please fill out this ballot and drop in the ballot box in your nearby Savings and Loan office, or mail to The Savings and Loan Foundation, Inc., P.O. Box 461, Washington, D.C. 20044

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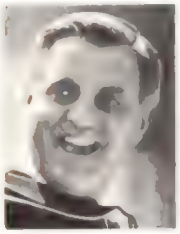
If we all speak up, Washington will listen.

17

What the New Grads Are Hearing

At college commencements, babies, trumpets, politics as usual

This spring, as usual, assorted elders have been capped, gowned and summoned to daises across the U.S. to try to say something wise, important or at least heartfelt to the year's 1.3 million new college graduates. Their collective mood was somber, reflecting anxiety over the arms race, education and the Government's new budget. Some speakers used the campus rostrum for political oratory. One university, Fairleigh Dickinson in Rutherford, N.J., chose not to have a speaker. Instead the students called in Trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie, creator of bebop, and let him play his songs Ow *and* Groovin' High. *The campus visit briefly unsettled Gillespie. Afterward the jazzman recalled with a chuckle: "I looked at my program and read, 'Commencement address: Dizzy Gillespie.' I was terrified. Everybody knows a jazz trumpeter's instrument doesn't wake up until 10 at night." In short, as usual, through the gloom there came notes of hope, idealism and humor as well. A commencement sampler:*



Walter Mondale

Former Vice President Walter F. Mondale at Brandeis University in Waltham, Mass.: "At the United Nations, we have often stood alone—when the issue was too important morally for us to join the rest. Yet in May the United States again stood alone. We voted to oppose restraints on efforts to lead women in developing countries away from healthy breast-feeding to dependence on milk substitutes that, improperly used, risk infection and stunted growth . . . Some Administration spokesmen now say that there is a difference between right-wing authoritarianism and left-wing totalitarianism, and that we must tolerate the terror of the one, but must condemn that of the other. [But] torture is torture, and terror is terror. And whether it occurs in Cuba, Russia, Viet Nam, Argentina, Chile or El Salvador, we in America should oppose it, condemn it, and do our best to stop it."

George Bush

Vice President George Bush at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville: "Few American foreign policy issues have been treated to as much rhetorical heat as human rights. Our Administration is pledged to human rights. Some feel we must shout from the rooftops and humiliate countries in order to effect change. We don't agree. But the debate is not enhanced by name-calling or moralizing or questioning our motives. Results are what count, not rhetorical confrontation."

Garry Trudeau

Cartoonist Garry Trudeau at Colby College in Waterville, Me.: "You live in a deeply cynical world where generosity is in short supply, a world where taking a stand has come to mean finding the nearest trap door for escape. There is something disturbing in our society when men wish not to be esteemed, but to be envied."

Thomas Watson

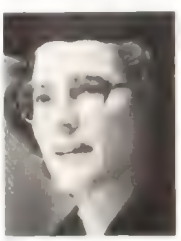
Thomas J. Watson, longtime chairman of IBM and ex-U.S. Ambassador to the U.S.S.R., at Harvard University: "By overwhelming odds, the result of any use of nuclear weapons would not be victory. It would be all-out war and total destruction. We confront the illusion of softheadedness: that anyone who favors an end to the arms race must be soft on U.S. defense or even soft on Communism. The illusion of softheadedness is thermonuclear McCarthyism because the search for a way out of this morass—the search for an avenue of negotiation and survival instead of confrontation and weaponry—has a long and honorable heritage. The reality is that thermonuclear war in any form is suicide. Our imperative is to change our course—to take the only road which offers a viable hope for the future: not a road to unilateral action of any kind, but a road toward the joint continuation of the SALT process, a road to a series of mutually verifiable treaties."

Felix Rohatyn

Financier Felix G. Rohatyn at the Hofstra University School of Business in Hempstead, N.Y.: "A conservative laissez-faire philosophy is the normal reaction to the failed performance of liberalism at home and the eroding power and prestige of the United States abroad. The discrediting of liberalism, at least partly deserved, is a danger to our society. Yet liberalism will not become a needed counterweight to current trends until it comes back to the real world, the world of jobs and growth, of urban blight and energy independence, of the realistic need for American power; until it returns to the notion that democracy requires equality of opportunity, but not an egalitarianism resolutely blind to the question of merit. Gay rights and national health insurance may be important to some. But they are not the country's first priority. It is liberalism's fascination with secondary issues that has created the reaction which now sees the Moral Majority intimidating politicians and advertisers, and the Congress trying to determine the beginning of life."

Beverly Sills

Opera Star and Impresario Beverly Sills at Barnard College in New York City: "Women are told today they can have it all—career, marriage, children. You need a total commitment to make it work. Take a close look at your child. He doesn't want you to be bright, talented, chic or smart—any of those things. He just wants you to love him. He will be the one who pays the price for your wanting to have it all. Think carefully about having that baby. Not to have it would be a great loss. To have it too late greatly increases the health hazards for you and the child. To have it without a commitment to it would be a great tragedy. There are two keys: one, believe in yourself; two, love. You must ooze it from every pore. Love your work, your husband and your child, not just to hear his needs but to feel his needs. For your husband you must reserve that 30th hour of the day when he has you all alone to himself. If you wonder when you'll get time to rest, well, you can sleep in your old age if you live that long. You may be disappointed if you fail, but you are doomed if you don't try."



Elizabeth Holtzman

Former Congresswoman Elizabeth Holtzman at Simmons College in Boston: "Women with a college degree are expected on the whole to earn *no more* than a man with only a high school diploma. To the graduates here I ask: Are the four years you've spent here to count for nothing just because you're a woman? Of course it is unjust."

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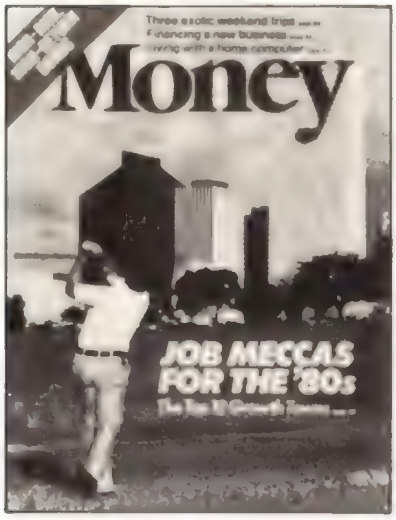

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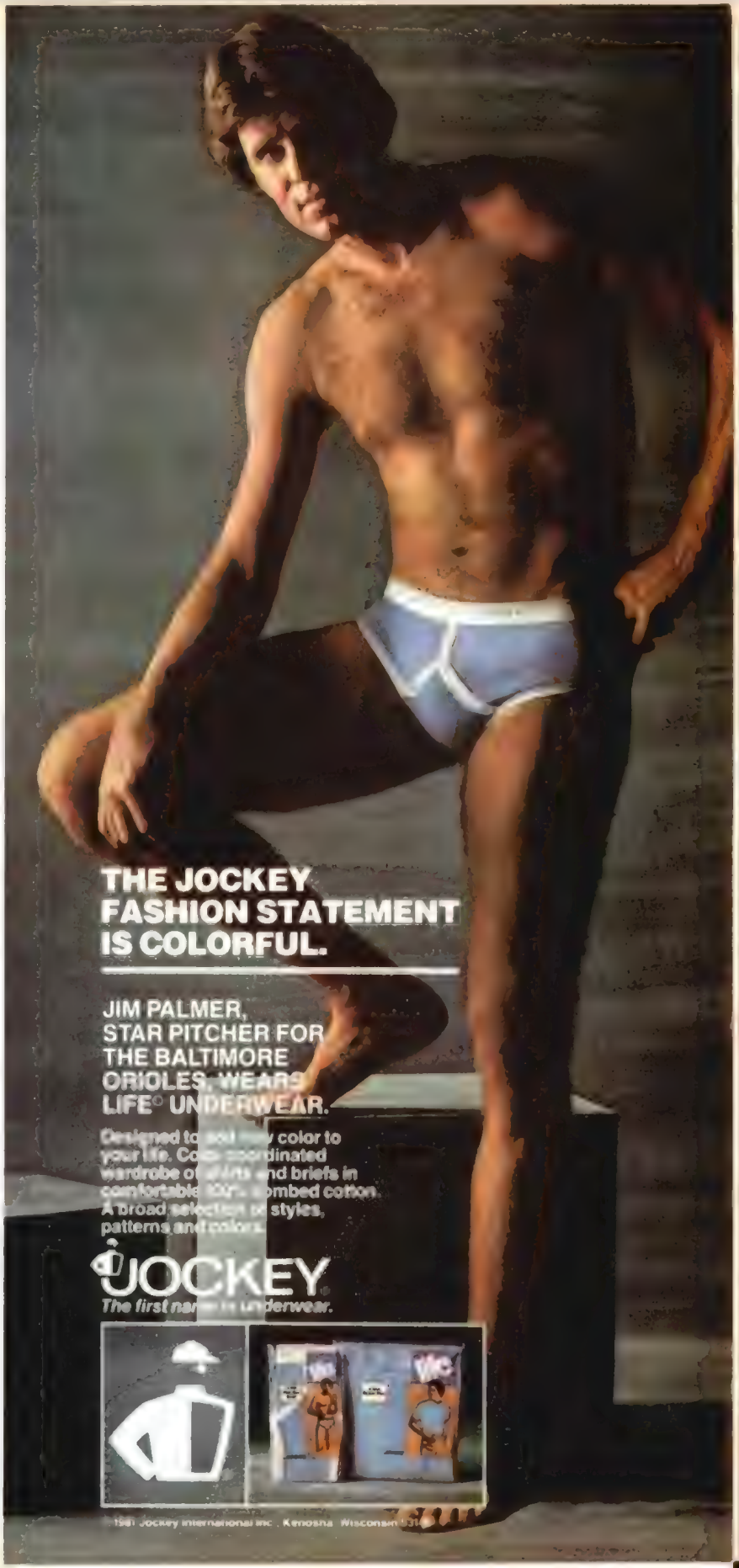

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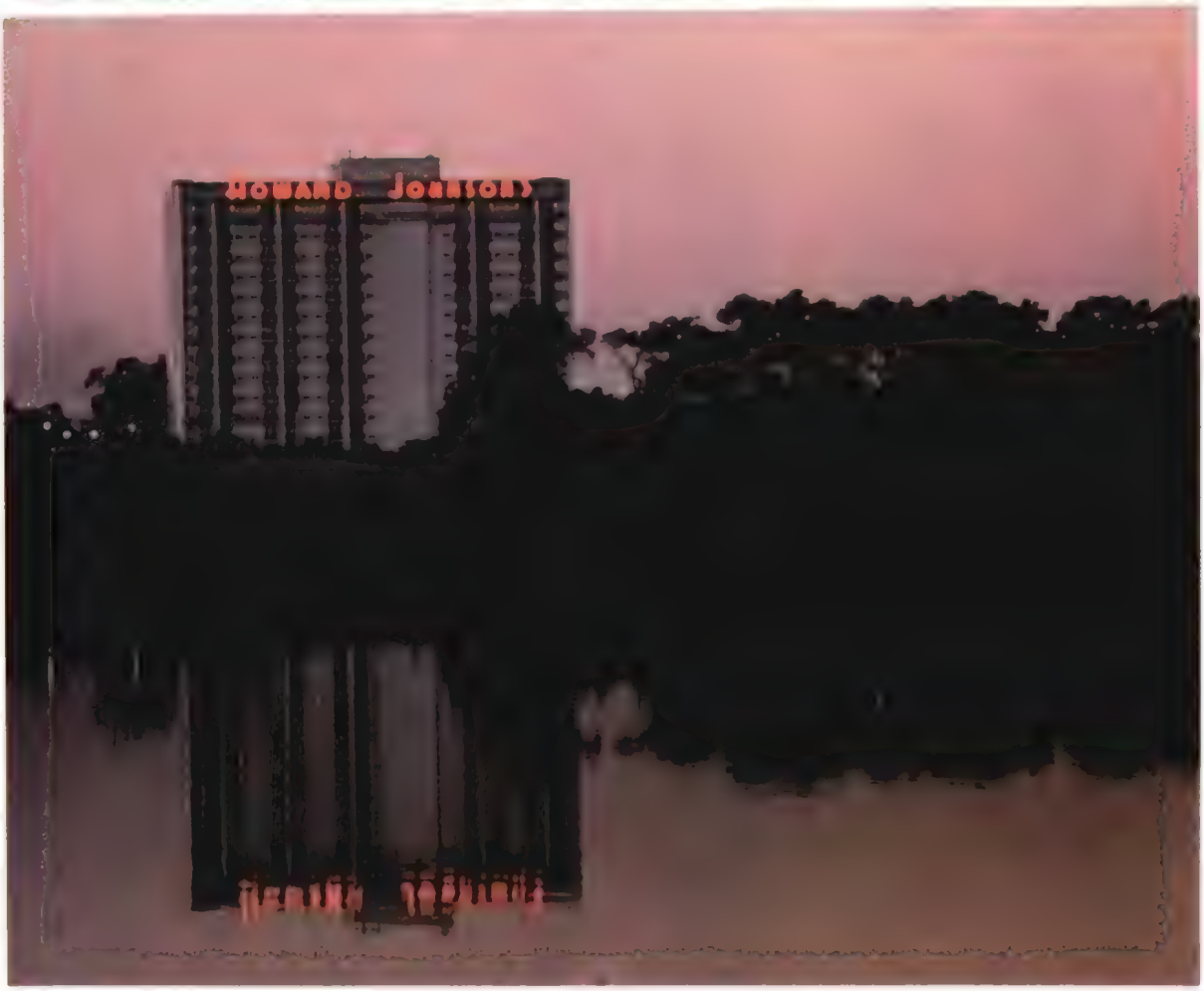

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John Slaughter

John B. Slaughter, director of the National Science Foundation, at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles: "A recent survey by the National Science Foundation found that 86% of adults believe scientific discoveries are largely responsible for our standard of living in the U.S., and 81% believe new discoveries will make our lives healthier and more comfortable. However, 86% feel that most citizens are not sufficiently informed to help set goals for scientific research, and 85% believe that most citizens are not sufficiently informed to choose which technologies to develop. I am troubled by this public reluctance to participate in scientific debate. The most precious resource of a free society is the full participation of citizens. Yet here we have a major area of our national life that is regarded as off limits to most of the public."

Alfred Kazin

Critic Alfred Kazin at the Graduate School of the City University of New York: "What has happened to the American mind these days? You have only to look at the marquees featuring one horror film after another, one more domestic drama, to wonder why a European film like *The Last Métro*, an Australian film like *Breaker Morant*, is so rare among us. There is not a single stage production on Broadway just now that bears in the slightest on our public condition. The favorite subjects on the book market are terrorism, how to slim down, and how to make a fortune in real estate."

Ray Bradbury

Sci-Fi Author Ray Bradbury at Harvey Mudd College in Claremont, Calif.: "The American people are a remarkable people. I think we're far more remarkable than we give ourselves credit for. We've been so busy damning ourselves for years. We've done it all, and yet we don't take credit for it. Everyone in the world is dressed like us. We're the center of the universe. If we opened the floodgates tomorrow, the whole world would pour in here. I'm always talking about the invisible revolutions—the things we've done that we don't take credit for. Last year we took in about a million people from other nations. Now if we're as bad as we say we are, why are they coming here? To be corrupted, to be dumb, to be horrible, to be brutes—the way we describe ourselves to ourselves? No, they're coming here because we're excellent, because we offer freedom, because we offer opportunities."

Edward Kennedy

Senator Edward M. Kennedy at the Boston campus of the University of Massachusetts: "Your generation is a different one, but I do not believe that you are indifferent. You may not make your contribution by marching, but there is so much that you can do in so many ways. Most of you have had your struggle too. Over 80% of you had jobs of 20 hours a week or more while you were attending the university. Some of you worked full time and studied part time for six or seven years to achieve this undergraduate degree. The average age of students here is 26. There are some who suggest that anyone who loses a student loan can make up the difference by taking a job. Let me say to those who offer that suggestion that virtually all the students with a federal loan at this school are already working—and working hard—to pay for their education."

Donald McHenry

Donald F. McHenry, former U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, at the University of Missouri at Columbia: "A recent study reveals that your knowledge is significantly short when it comes to the world in which you live. A part of the responsibility for this is the responsibility of our educational institutions. But the responsibility is also yours—yours for ignoring the inadequate diet of information served by the media, yours for pursuing narrow career goals, and yours for your failure to see, or be interested in, how your career goals relate to the world around you. You live in a time when knowledge of world affairs is no longer simply nice to have or a luxury. It is essential to our well-being. Long-term strategy requires a political consensus. Without consensus we are vulnerable to uninformed simplistic appeals, heavy on jingoism and misguided patriotism."

Charles Malik

Charles Malik, former Lebanese Ambassador to the U.S., at Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill.: "They tell you there is steady progress in history; they tell you modern man is better and happier than any man in the past; they tell you we are more advanced, spiritually, morally, intellectually than all the ages of the past. This is all false. In the more important things in life, history does not disclose steady progress. There are a few shining peaks of the spirit with many intervening sloughs and valleys. Plato, Aristotle, Augustine, Chrysostom, Aquinas, Shakespeare, Goethe, Dostoyevsky—we have nobody comparable to these men in our age. You can live ten lives on them, and the remarkable thing is that they are more relevant to the present than any man in the present. Progress! Fiddlesticks! Who has progressed from the *Psalms*, or from *Isaiah* or *Jeremiah*, or from the New Testament? Ages are to be compared not by numbers but by the best in them. And the best souls in our age pale before the best souls in the past. The decay of respect for the past, the decay of respect for authority, the decay of the notion of the classics —these are the banes of the age."

A. Bartlett Giamatti

A. Bartlett Giamatti, president of Yale, at Atlanta University in Atlanta, Ga.: "America cannot allow itself to transform the public schools into warehouses for the angry. Let us remember that the partnership of parents and neighbors, civic leaders and politicians must agree that the schools are the most important single asset the community holds in common. Let us assert that the duty of that partnership is to decide that the first priority for public money is the school system. And let us insist that schools have a role and obligation in the treasured common life beyond just schooling. When we have reassembled a vision of the purpose of school and of the means of education, then we can pass to the rebuilding of what is both a system and a process of civility. To paper over the cracks in schools with scarce dollars with no idea of the point to it all would be stupendous folly. That would be to accept the lie that we are a people without purpose and that excellence and equality cannot still be the unlimited aspiration of all our people."

Frank Rhodes

Cornell University President Frank H.T. Rhodes at Cornell University in Ithaca, N.Y.: "The chief function of the commencement speaker is to be brief. Lord Canning was once asked by a preacher how he enjoyed his sermon. Canning replied, 'You were brief.' 'Ah,' said the preacher, 'I always like to avoid being tedious.' Canning replied, 'You were also tedious.' So there is no absolute guarantee of success." ■

Incongruity at the High Court

Justices shield nude dancing, but not indigent parents

Like bookshelves and airline seating, court dockets can make for strange juxtapositions. Last week the Supreme Court handed down notable decisions that were as disparate as their subjects: while it held that the First Amendment protects nude dancing from being completely zoned out of a commercial area, it also ruled that the 14th Amendment does not automatically give poor parents the right to free legal assistance at parental termination hearings.

A Mantle for Nude Dancing

The nudie show can go on in Mount Ephraim, N.J., a small (pop. 4,863) bedroom community near Camden and Philadelphia. At the Six-Thirteen Corp. "adult bookstore," customers used to be able to pop a token worth 25¢ into a coin-operated machine, causing a shade to roll up revealing a nude dancer doing her bumps and grinds in a glass booth. But Mount Ephraim had a zoning ordinance that in effect banned all live entertainment, while allowing such commercial activities as restaurants, retail stores and beauty salons. In 1976 the bookstore and its operators, James Schad and Toni Taylor, were found guilty of violating the ordinance and fined $300. Although Schad and Taylor invoked First Amendment protection, New Jersey courts held that the case was strictly a zoning matter.

Taylor outside her New Jersey sex shop

Zoning as a tool for social engineering.

The Supreme Court disagreed. Entertainment, wrote Justice Byron White for six of his brethren in the seven-man majority, falls "within the First Amendment guarantee," as do political speech and ideological speech, and "nudity alone" cannot strip away this "mantle." Noted the court: "The zoning power is not infinite and unchallengeable." Nor was the court impressed with Mount Ephraim's justification for the ban—that it would avert parking problems and the need for additional police protection—since the town allowed a variety of other commercial enterprises. The ordinance was overly broad, said the court, in that it banned all forms of live entertainment but failed to show how such entertainment posed special problems to the community.

Chief Justice Warren Burger dissented in an opinion joined by Justice William Rehnquist. They argued that the majority opinion "ignores fundamental values that

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the Constitution ought to protect" and "trivializes and demeans" the First Amendment. Said Burger: "Citizens should be free to choose to shape their community so that it embodies their conception of the 'decent life' . . . When, and if, this ordinance is used to prevent a high school performance of *The Sound of Music*, for example, the court can deal with that problem."

As nudie shows and adult bookstores have spread throughout the country, concerned municipalities have tried various ways to shut them down. Obscenity laws are usually either unenforced or unenforceable. In 1976 the Supreme Court upheld a Detroit zoning ordinance that required, among other things, that "adult theaters" be at least 1,000 ft. from any two other such moviehouses, thus preventing a concentration of sleazy premises in a "red-light district." Many towns saw the decision as a green light to shut down all "adult entertainment" or to try to relegate it to unprofitable locations. After the Detroit ruling, says New York University Law Professor Lawrence Sager, "communities were emboldened to convert zoning from a land use to a social engineering tool. This decision sends a warning."

It also brought a smile to Toni Taylor, 47, who still owns the Six-Thirteen. Taylor says she is considering putting the nude dancers back in action, but worries that the town may find a new way to stop the show.

Parents Beware

In the decades since the Supreme Court's landmark *Gideon* decision in 1963, states have been required to provide legal counsel for indigent criminal defendants facing prison terms. But last week the court ruled, 5 to 4, that this requirement applied automatically "only where the litigant may lose his physical liberty," and thus should not necessarily include indigent parents threatened with losing the right to their children. It was left to state courts to decide, on a case-by-case basis, whether a parent needs appointed counsel to obtain "accurate and just" results.

The decision turned on a case in which the state of North Carolina took custody of William Lassiter, eight months old, in 1975, because he was not receiving proper medical care. When his mother, Abby Gail Lassiter, was convicted of second-degree murder in 1976 and sentenced to 25 to 40 years in prison, the state moved to terminate her parental rights. At a 1978 hearing, the mother—without the help of a lawyer—argued that her son should live with his grandmother. She lost, and William is now living with foster parents. The court decided that even if Lassiter had been given an attorney, the outcome would have been the same, since her case "presented no specially troublesome points of law."

In an unusual move, Justice Harry Blackmun orally announced his dissent from the bench, calling the decision "incredible." Blackmun attacked the court's implication that being deprived of a child was less serious than being deprived of physical liberty. Said he: "Surely there can be few losses more grievous than the abrogation of parental rights." He noted that on the same day as the Lassiter decision, the court agreed in a separate case that a poor man charged in a paternity suit encouraged by the state has a due-process right to a free blood test to disprove his paternity. Blackmun acidly described the contrast between the two rulings as "not a little ironic."

Some 33 states and the District of Columbia guarantee indigent parents the right to counsel in parental termination cases, which often are instigated by a social worker who believes a child is being abused or neglected. How these states will interpret the court's decision remains to be seen. Says Marcia Lowry, director of the New York–based Children's Rights Project, an offshoot of the American Civil Liberties Union: "Without the right to counsel, these hearings are not going to be hearings." Furthermore, many of the lawyers appointed in these cases are funded by the Legal Services Corporation, an agency threatened by Reagan budget cuts. With fewer legal aid lawyers to take such cases, experts fear that some of the 33 states may now decide to abolish the guarantee. —*By Ellie McGrath. Reported by Evan Thomas/Washington*

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Backed by posters from Israel, Jewish Evangelist Esther Jungreis tapes her new TV show

Religion

"The Jewish Soul on Fire"

A rabbi's wife uses TV to lure dropouts back to the fold

In Orthodox Judaism, a woman's place is usually in the home. And all branches of Judaism tend to shun the high-pressure appeals used by today's Protestant TV preachers. By rights, then, Esther Jungreis, tiny, intense Orthodox Jewish revivalist from Long Island, should not be in business at all.

Jungreis, 45, bills herself as "the Rebbetzin" (Rabbi's Wife) or "the Jewish Soul on Fire." Others call her "the Jewish Billy Graham," but unlike the Baptist evangelist, she does not seek converts from other religions. Her sole mission is to lure, cajole or otherwise summon secularized Jews back to their faith.

Her effectiveness stems from her evident fervor and a theatrical willingness to challenge Jews to a fully committed life. Listeners may be told that they are "witnesses to murder" because they are allowing a generation of Jews to "disappear in silence, through apathy, ignorance and assimilation." Jews are not free agents, she tells her audience: "You are links in an eternal chain. You belong to your people."

Another part of her appeal is pure show biz. As a star platform personality, Jungreis comes on in flashy outfits of white, black or electric purple, wearing spike heels and heavy eye makeup. All that plus a slight Hungarian accent and blond wig make her look and sound a bit like Zsa-Zsa Gabor. Staid rabbis are sometimes scandalized by her delivery, which ranges from a concerned whine to a dramatic whisper. But lay listeners are held spellbound by her blend of polemics and pizazz. Sometimes they weep openly as she speaks about the possible fate of Israel or the loss of Jewish youths through intermarriage with non-Jews. "This generation suffers from Jewish amnesia," she says.

The Rebbetzin launched her unusual career in 1973 in New York. Now, besides speaking for her volunteer organization, Hineni, she leads consciousness-raising classes, is finishing a book, writes pamphlets (*e.g., Meaningful Sex—A Jewish View*) and answers 600 to 700 letters a month. Occasionally Jungreis will boldly park her "heritage" van outside a Hare Krishna or Divine Light Mission outpost and with a loudspeaker try to coax young Jewish converts into leaving.

Her latest project is a weekly talk show for the new Jewish National Television hookup, which goes to 50 cable outlets and a potential audience of 1.5 million. The Rebbetzin's first show dealt with the Nazi Holocaust. Said Jungreis, who spent a year in Bergen-Belsen: "We must learn to speak of the unspeakable, to answer the unanswerable. We are a nation that actually descended into the abyss of hell and yet retained a spark of divinity." Other shows discuss the Jews for Jesus, what it is like to be Jewish in China and the Soviet Union.

Jungreis came to the U.S. in 1947 at age eleven and was later married to Orthodox Rabbi Theodore Jungreis. Years ago she helped him expand his North Woodmere, N.Y., synagogue from three to 200 families by visiting every Jewish home in the area. Theodore admits it is rare for a woman in Orthodoxy to be a platform celebrity, but sees nothing wrong, so long as she does not usurp the rabbi's role of conducting services.

Esther, who comes from a long line of Hungarian rabbis, vigorously attacks Jewish feminists. The woman's task is to be "priestess of the home," she says, and to raise children as observant Jews. ■

Milestones

MARRIED. Carl Sagan, 46, astronomer, best-selling author (*The Dragons of Eden, Broca's Brain*) and host of the PBS-TV series *Cosmos;* and **Ann Druyan,** 31, novelist and co-writer of the *Cosmos* series; he for the third time, she for the first; in Los Angeles. Sagan, who last March divorced his second wife Linda after twelve years of marriage, wrote in the dedication of the book version of *Cosmos:* "It is my joy to share a planet and an epoch with Annie."

DIED. Barbara Ward, 67, British economist and author who made the case for Western aid to developing Third World countries in such books as *The Rich Nations and the Poor Nations* (1962) and *Progress for a Small Planet* (1980); of cancer; in Lodsworth, England. A onetime assistant editor of the *Economist* and the wife of the Australian diplomat Commander Sir Robert Jackson, Ward became an influential adviser on international economics to U.N. Secretary-General U Thant and to Presidents John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson. The technologically and economically advanced nations "are remaking the face of the earth," she once wrote, but she warned that "by indifference and by a narrowing of the heart," the rich and complacent were in danger of losing contact "with the urgent desires of the great mass of one's fellow men."

DIED. Giuseppe Pella, 79, Italian economist who rose from sharecropper's son to the premiership, and who helped guide his country's economic policy for nearly three decades; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Rome. Resolutely anti-Communist, Pella served as Premier during a critical five-month period in 1953-54 when a border dispute with Yugoslavia over Trieste prompted him to make Italy's only post-war threat to use military force. As Foreign Minister in 1960, he once had a conversation with Nikita Khrushchev in which he rebuffed the Soviet Premier's contentions with a curt "Sorry for you, but the Italian line on foreign policy is superior, thank you."

DIED. Carl Vinson, 97, Georgia Democrat who served longer in the U.S. House of Representatives (50 years, from 1914 to 1965) than any other Congressman in history, and who as chairman of the House Armed Services Committee for 14 years played a major role in the expansion of U.S. military power; of heart disease; in Milledgeville, Ga. A former county judge and Georgia legislator, Vinson became known in the House as the "Swamp Fox" for his mastery of parliamentary procedure and his knack for obtaining the passage of key military legislation. When mentioned as a possible choice for Secretary of Defense in 1950, he said, "Shucks, I'd rather go on running the Pentagon from up here." In March 1980 he became the first living American to have a warship named in his honor—the nuclear aircraft carrier U.S.S. *Carl Vinson*.

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The "Côte du Jallais," Pontoise, **1867: a world with all relations manifest, all unities achieved**

Impressionism's Oak-Tree Uncle

In Boston, a definitive retrospective of Camille Pissarro

In art, each generation has to reinvent the past: to construct its own Watteau, even its own Leonardo. The new outlines never quite coincide with the old. This is true of modern art, too, which itself has become old; and it even applies to impressionism, the most accessible, popular modern movement of all. Sometimes later styles "reinterpret" earlier ones, as abstract expressionism fostered the present veneration of the late works of Monet. Then there are some artists whose reputations gratuitously disappear and subsequently rise again, wobbling in and out of historical focus. The outstanding example of these, among the impressionists, was Camille Pissarro (1830-1903).

Pissarro was the least spectacular of the impressionists. An eye used to Monet (and Monet is what many people believe impressionism was all about) will be apt to find Pissarro conservative—more of a tonal painter, almost, than a colorist. There has long been a tendency to repeat, without checking it against the pictures, Gauguin's irritable verdict that Pissarro was a good second-rater, "always wanting to be on top of the latest trend . . . he's lost any kind of personality, and his work lacks unity." So although there has been no lack of Degas shows, Monet retrospectives, homages to Cézanne and museum tributes to Bazille or Caillebotte, Pissarro has remained less known—an irony, since, with his peculiar steadfastness and probity, he was the linchpin of the impressionist group.

Now, at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, the long process of rehabilitating Pissarro has begun with the first retrospective of his work ever held in the U.S. 81 paintings and 113 drawings and prints, as well as souvenirs of his life, assembled by a team of five art historians (two French, one English, two American). Already seen at the Hayward Gallery in London and the Grand Palais in Paris, this is the definitive show of an artist without whom the workings of the French avant-garde between 1870 and 1900 cannot be fully understood.

Pissarro was one of the avant-garde's oak-tree uncles: a man of enormous solidity and forthrightness, blunt in speech, loyal to his friends and open to younger artists. He loved to organize, teach, and argue and work with other painters, and the list of artists who owed him some part of their self-knowledge was long. Cézanne, nine years his junior, called him "a man to consult, and something like *le bon Dieu*"—meaning not the vengeful God of judgment but a kindly and paternal deity, the supervisor of hearths and gardens: in a word, the god of growth. Mary Cassatt remarked that "he could have taught stones to draw correctly."

Though immersed in the metropolitan culture of France, Pissarro lived at an angle to it. He was not only an immigrant—he had been born and raised on the Caribbean island of St. Thomas, the son of a well-off storekeeper—he was also a Jew. In this sense he was twice a stranger in France, and his clan loyalty, his commitment to the tiny republic of the family, his extreme probity and political radicalism were connected, one may surmise, to his sense of outsidership. More than anything else, he loved painting. That was why he could continue to praise Degas, while in the wake of the Dreyfus affair, Degas, like the anti-Semite he was, brutally snubbed him. Painting could not heal everything, but it represented for Pissarro a corrected world, all relations manifest, all unities achieved, hopeful, measurable and decent.

A whole tradition of French landscape runs through Pissarro's work. He is a link between the weighty, materialist

The Flock of Sheep, Eragny-sur-Epte, **1888: idyllic rural labor as a vision of social dignity**

vision of Courbet and the molecular analyses of impressionism, and the best of his landscapes possess an unremitting gravity of construction. Everything in a painting like *The "Côte du Jallais," Pontoise*, 1867, is, so to speak, freighted with scruple, rendered dense by inspection—the blue air and clouds no less than the swatches of plowed and seeded field and the massed trees. Its low tones and construction by horizontal bands make one think of Corot, but its directness of handling points forward to the impressionist "moment."

Through the 1870s, Pissarro's surfaces would become more agitated, broken and silky. In one of his small masterpieces, *The Climbing Path, L'Hermitage, Pontoise*, 1875, he gave a view of roofs through a dappled grid of tree trunks the sort of beautiful abstruseness one associates with Cézanne. But always there remained an Arcadian sense of order—a confidence in reasonable appetite, one of whose physical manifestations was the fruitful, vaporous and lovingly cultivated landscape of the Seine-et-Oise.

In the mid-1880s, Pissarro's work took a sharp turn toward pointillism, or "neo-impressionism," the dissection of light into swarms of tiny colored dots, which had been developed by Georges Seurat and Paul Signac. So complete was his conversion and so short-lived—it lasted only five years—that it is hard to think of another artist of comparable talent and sincerity who was ever changed so sharply by men 30 years his junior. Certainly Pissarro was not scrambling onto a bandwagon: the growing vogue in Paris at the time was for occult imagery, Rosicrucianism, superstition, nuance—anything but the aim of pointillism, which was to state and quantify visual sensation as "objectively" as possible.

The work of "these chemists who pile up little dots," as Gauguin contemptuously named the pointillists, was to the 1890s what constructivism would be to the 1920s: the house style of utopian socialism in its various forms. Pissarro was a fervent anarchist, and his dot-crusted scenes of idyllic rural labor (as stylized and unreal, in some ways, as any 18th century pastoral) are attempts, not always successful, to convey an ideal vision of social dignity based on freely shared work. In this he was the heir of Millet as well—though he certainly did not know peasant life as Millet had. But by the mid-1890s, with his bustling market scenes and views of Rouen cathedral rising from a choppy, tiled sea of roofs, he had returned to a less schematic form of painting.

Arcadian order and Cézanne's abstruseness in *The Climbing Path, L'Hermitage, Pontoise*, 1875

Indeed, the view of cities as social condensers had a fundamental importance to Pissarro's way of imagining the world. He was not merely interested in rural life for its own sake, as a refuge or an idyl; he wanted to paint the relationships between country and town, the social fabric of France itself, epitomized in the market square. He was also fascinated by townscape in itself: the hustle and bustle of Baudelaire's "ant-swarming city," with its shuttling traffic, its plunging perspectives, its bird's-eye views of impersonal transactions. Writing in 1898 of the view from his hotel window over the Place du Théâtre Français in Paris, he said: "Perhaps it is not aesthetic, but I am delighted to be able to paint these Paris streets that people have come to call ugly, but which are so silvery, so luminous and vital. This is completely modern."

Those who believe impressionism viewed the world through rosy bourgeois lenses should ponder Pissarro's commitment to "our modern philosophy, which is absolutely social, antiauthoritarian and antimystical ... a robust art based on sensation." Political decency does not, by itself, make good art. Yet one senses that in Pissarro, the man and the work were of whole cloth—and that their wholeness contributed to the honesty of his search and the vigor he displayed, especially as a draftsman, below the changing levels of style. Never too polished, never arbitrarily crude, Pissarro's plain visual speech now turns out to have been one of the real achievements of French 19th century painting—"The act," as his friend Emile Zola wrote, "of an honest man."

—By Robert Hughes

***La Place du Théâtre Français, Paris*, 1898: "So silvery, so luminous and vital"**

Reining In the Regulators

A fast Administration start to cutting back on Washington's red tape

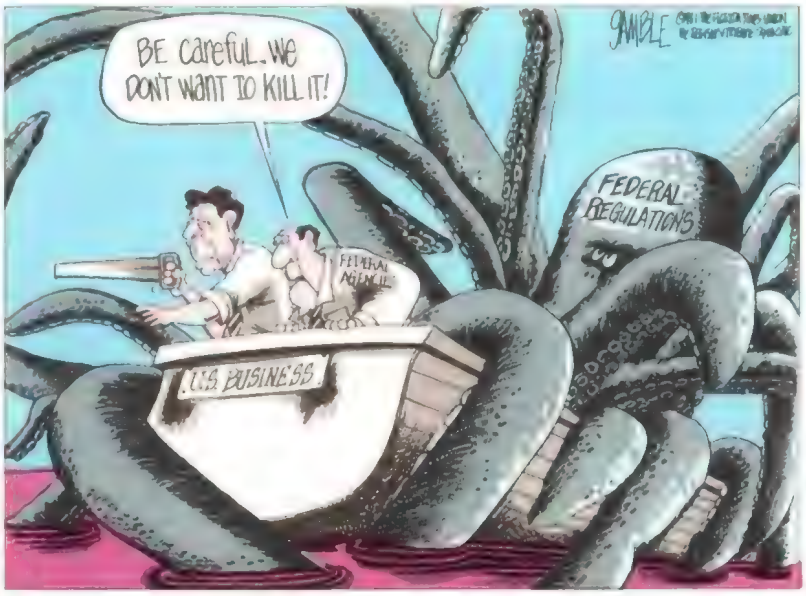
Of all Ronald Reagan's campaign promises, none seemed more hopelessly dreamy than his pledge to cut back on federal regulation. Presidents have come and gone, but Washington's write-a-rule bureaucrats and their regulations just seemed to keep on multiplying from one Administration to the next.

Yet six months into his term, Reagan is having surprising success at reining in the regulators. The President has gone further, faster to beat back the bureaucrats and weed out their regulations than even the Administration's most ardent deregulators had hoped. Declares James C. Miller III, executive director of the Presidential Task Force on Regulatory Relief: "I came aboard saying that the best we can do is to bring the regulatory pendulum to a standstill. Now I think that by the end of the year we can actually achieve a real reduction in regulation."

For the first time since the spawning of modern U.S. Government–business relations during the Depression of the 1930s, Washington's bureaucrats are in retreat. In agency after agency, budgets are being cut, sometimes by 20%, 30%, even by half. Lawyers who six months ago could count on cushy five-figure incomes arguing clients' cases before obstinate boards and commissions are now seeing demand for their services shrink by the week. Reports Forrest Rettgers, a longtime business lobbyist for the National Association of Manufacturers: "I've been in Washington since 1956, and I've never seen anything like this. The agencies are deregulating faster than anyone can imagine."

Deregulation, of course, began to take root before the new Administration took power. Under Democrat Jimmy Carter, large strides were made toward spurring competition in banking, airlines and trucking. In all such cases, however, the thrust of reform was to promote competition in the marketplace by removing barriers to entry, thus making it easier, for example, for a company to start a new airline or trucking firm. The Reagan Administration seeks to go beyond supporting competition, to pruning what it regards as excessive and economically onerous "social" regulation that governs the way businesses operate.

One after another, activist chairmen from the Carter years are being replaced by pro-business deregulators screened by the Reaganauts for the purity of their deregulation beliefs. J. Lynn Helms, previously chairman of Piper Aircraft, is the new director of the Federal Aviation Administration; former Savings and Loan Lobbyist Richard T. Pratt heads the Federal Home Loan Bank Board; Broadcast Lawyer Mark S. Fowler is now the chairman of the Federal Communications Commission. But the most sweeping changes are occurring in the three agencies that have most rankled American businessmen in recent years. These are



James Miller leads a war on old federal rules

OSHA Boss Thorne Auchter at a nuclear plant

The Consumer Product Safety Commission. The eight-year-old body, smallest of the Government's health and safety agencies, with a staff of 900, keeps watch over some 15,000 consumer products. In the past four years, CPSC has banned the use of Tris, a cancer-causing flame retardant used in children's clothing, got companies to recall asbestos-insulated hair dryers and stopped the use of benzene in paint removers. The commission must be renewed by act of Congress before October, and the Administration is lobbying to either have it killed outright or buried in the generally pro-business Commerce Department. Meanwhile, the Commission's budget has been cut by nearly 30%, and eight of 13 regional offices are being closed down.

The Occupational Safety and Health Administration. This ten-year-old agency has been the embodiment of runaway regulation. Over the years, OSHA has issued thousands of health- and safety-related

rules, right down to specifying the design of stepladders and the location of fire extinguishers in factories. Under Reagan Appointee Thorne G. Auchter, 36, a Florida construction executive, OSHA is changing direction. Auchter promises to stress cost-benefit analysis as the means of achieving the Government's goal at the lowest cost to companies. Says he: "We don't want to end all regulation, but we want to end excessive, unnecessary, unfounded regulation."

The Federal Trade Commission. This 65-year-old agency has in recent years single-mindedly pushed costly and complex antitrust actions and headline-grabbing proposals. Example: the 1978 recommendation to ban television commercials for sugared products such as candy and presweetened breakfast cereals that are aimed at audiences composed largely of small children. No new chairman has yet been formally appointed, but James Miller is a likely choice. Even before the new chairman arrives, policy is shifting. Last week the commission announced that it would not oppose Standard Oil of Ohio's takeover of Kennecott Corp., the nation's largest copper producer. A year ago, the FTC would probably have fought that acquisition.

The Administration's efforts to grab control of the bureaucracy began almost from the moment Reagan took office. A week after his Inauguraton, the President issued an Executive Order freezing, for 60 days, all the so-called midnight regulations that had been passed in the final days of the Carter Administration. Two weeks later, another Executive Order required that the 150 major Executive Branch agencies of Government undertake cost-benefit analyses before proposing enactment of significant new rules.

At the same time, the White House gave the Office of Management and Budget the authority to make sure that such rules and regulations are really cost effective. If not, OMB can reject them. In cases of dispute, a regulatory task force headed by Vice President George Bush will rule on the issue.

Many of the regulations halted by the 60-day freeze are still being blocked pending further study by the Administration. The Department of Education's rules calling for custom-tailored educational programs for handicapped students are being reviewed. The Department of Health and Human Services regulations that impede the speedy testing of new consumer drugs are also under study. At the Interior Department, rules that drive up the cost of strip-mining coal are being rethought. The Administration is also looking into possible changes in the 1931 Davis-Bacon Act, which increases the cost of Government construction projects by forcing businesses to pay the prevailing union wage even when less costly workers are available.

Though the Administration, for now at least, has the public solidly behind it, too much deregulation zeal could backfire. Many of the Government rules were written because of serious problems of polluted rivers, foul air and dangerous workplaces. The public opposed excessive and petty rule making, but it does not now want consumer products that maim or injure buyers.

Moreover, many federal regulations are essential to orderly commerce throughout the country. In March the Administration proposed to stop enforcement of nationwide Environmental Protection Agency noise standards, and congressional Democrats suggested that the rules might as well be repealed. But then business immediately began to protest. Reason: without national noise standards, interstate trucking and railroad companies could wind up being subjected to an impossible array of conflicting local standards from one community to the next.

Strong opposition to the Reagan program, however, now appears unlikely. The once mighty consumer lobby, which generally enjoyed favor during the Carter years, is currently in disarray; it has few friends and almost no influence within the Administration. The consumer groups have, so far, been concentrating their criticism on the cozy relations between the new administrators and the industries they now watch over. Says David Cohen, who recently resigned as president of Common Cause: "This is tantamount to turning the keys over to industry." Reagan's deregulation challenge will now be to cut back on inefficient Government rules without at the same time making federal agencies mere pawns of American corporations. —*By Christopher Byron. Reported by Gisela Bolte and Douglas Brew/Washington*

Hazy Outlook for the Clean Air Act

The first big legislative test of Ronald Reagan's pledge to ease the regulatory burden on private industry involves a law that was a hallmark of the era of environmental activism: the Clean Air Act of 1970.

Proposals to change the law, which will expire at the end of September unless it is renewed, have inspired unprecedented lobbying by a broad coalition of industries that include steel, auto and chemical manufacturers. They claim that it now costs about $25 billion a year to comply with the law and that many of the most expensive requirements result in only marginal air-quality improvements. Said a report last March by the Business Roundtable: "The act in its present form is inefficient, complex and overly costly without adequate recognition given to completing national goals."

New EPA Chief Gorsuch

No one can deny that the Clean Air Act has been beneficial. Air pollution levels in the U.S. have dropped significantly in the past decade. Indeed, the National Environmental Development Association, the business lobbying coalition, argues that the intent of the law has been fulfilled.

Among the specific changes that industry wants: an independent board of scientists to review standards set by the Environmental Protection Agency; elimination of the requirement that businesses must actually improve the air quality in certain areas where they expand; an end to the rule that air quality can be allowed to deteriorate only slightly in undeveloped areas with clean air.

Acid rain, a corrosive precipitation of pollutants that has been killing fish in many wilderness areas, will be another of the major battlegrounds. The causes of this problem are not yet well understood, and there is some suspicion that the Clean Air Act itself may have contributed to it. Reason: the law has led coal-burning plants to install taller smokestacks that carry particles high into the atmosphere, where they help to form the acid rain.

The Administration has not yet detailed the changes that it will seek in the Clean Air Act. But, says Anne Gorsuch, the new head of the EPA, "We have to be very concerned with relative cost benefits."

Environmental groups opposing any weakening of the act have so far remained curiously quiet. Says Vermont Republican Robert T. Stafford, chairman of the Senate Environment and Public Works Committee: "I find it hard to understand the overwhelming silence from groups other than those representing industry." Given the conservative climate in Congress, the Administration's first legislative battle over deregulation may turn into a cakewalk.

A Timid Recovery for Europe

TIME's *Economists foresee an end to the recession*

Strapped by huge budget deficits, high unemployment, spiraling prices and distressing trade imbalances, the economies of Western Europe will show little or no growth this year. But in 1982 they will probably begin perking up. That was the conclusion of the TIME European Board of Economists, which met last week in Munich.

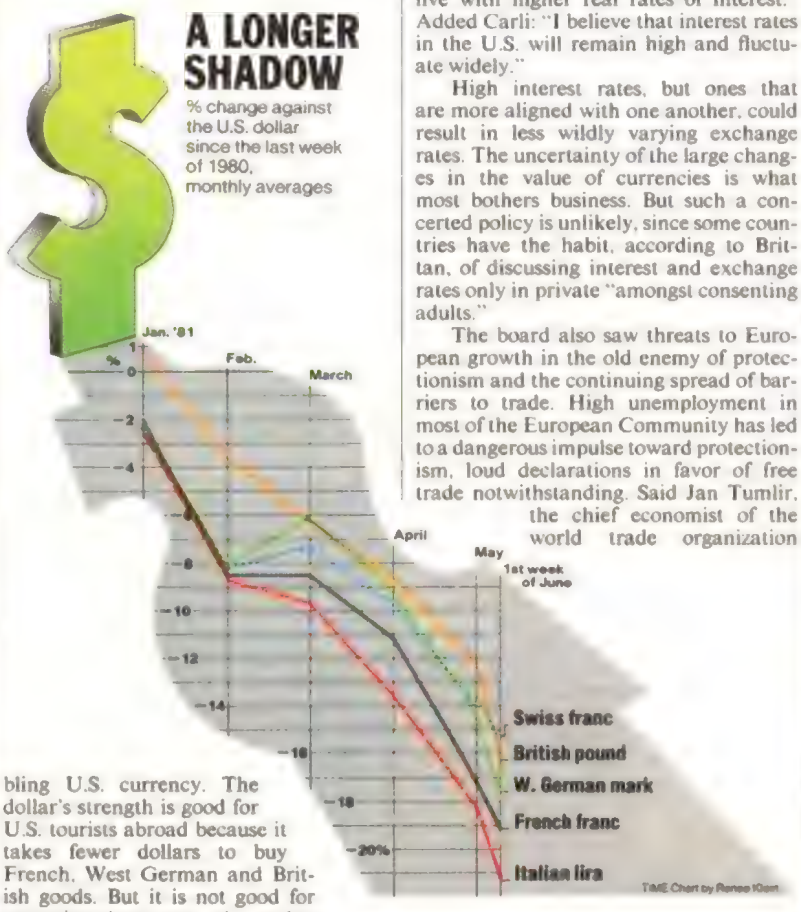
All of Europe's major economies show some signs of improvement, but these are still outweighed by the evidence of weakness. Inflation is on the wane in Great Britain, but unemployment could rise to 12% or 13% by the end of 1981. Last week some 60,000 people gathered in London's Trafalgar Square to climax a monthlong unemployment protest. Public spending is expected to jump sharply in France under newly elected Socialist President François Mitterrand, who took the first step in that direction last week when he raised the minimum wage by 10% (to $503 a month) and increased outlays for other social benefits.

West Germany has one of Europe's lowest inflation rates, around 5%, but even that is of concern to bankers, who still have nightmares about the hyperinflation during the Weimar Republic. Despite its record, the economy in Western Europe's long-running growth engine is expected to decline by 2% this year. Guido Carli, a member of the TIME European Board of Economists and former governor of the Bank of Italy, expressed amazement that his country was showing any growth at all under the burden of a $57.5 billion deficit and inflation of about 20%. Said he: "I never believe in miracles, but I believe that it is perhaps a miracle that the economy has survived with a deficit of that size."

One of the immediate obstacles to European expansion comes from high U.S. interest rates. Western governments are being forced to push their cost of borrowing much higher than the level demanded for purely domestic economic reasons. They would prefer to leave the rates lower in order to help encourage local business investment. But the high American rates appeal to savvy investors who buy dollars with their money and drive down the value of local currencies. The only defense is for central bankers to raise interest rates. In the past few months the prime rate in West Germany has increased to 14.25%, while in Italy it has jumped to 22.5%.

Despite this, the value of the dollar continues to climb. Since the beginning of the year, the American currency has increased by 19.2% against the French franc, 16.3% against the British pound and 17.5% against the West German mark. Last week the pound was selling for less than $2 for the first time in more than two years, while the mark was worth only 42¢, its lowest level in more than four years.

The dollar's renewed strength stands in sharp contrast to its weakness in Europe just two years ago, when all the major European countries except Britain formed the European Monetary System as a means of defense against the then tumbling U.S. currency. The dollar's strength is good for U.S. tourists abroad because it takes fewer dollars to buy French, West German and British goods. But it is not good for countries whose currencies are being battered. They must pay for many of their key imports, especially oil, in U.S. dollars, and now those prices are higher. Weak currencies can also have a nefarious, and often underestimated, impact on domestic inflation by making it easier for local manufacturers to raise their prices.



Although sensitive to the problems that high U.S. interest rates are causing in Europe, board members gave a cheer or two for Paul Volcker, chairman of the U.S. Federal Reserve. TIME's economists urged him to withstand political pressure and avoid actions that could precipitously lower interest rates and dangerously swell the U.S. money supply. The board's members believed that the dollar's strength would hold for a time, "fluttering about" where it is now, said Samuel Brittan, assistant editor of the *Financial Times* of London and former economic adviser to the government of Prime Minister Harold Wilson.

Herbert Giersch, director of the University of Kiel's Institute for World Economics, foresees a period of higher interest rates to which the rest of the world will have to become accustomed. Said he: "My assumption is that confidence will be regained and the crisis atmosphere cleared up when the countries learn to live with higher real rates of interest." Added Carli: "I believe that interest rates in the U.S. will remain high and fluctuate widely."

High interest rates, but ones that are more aligned with one another, could result in less wildly varying exchange rates. The uncertainty of the large changes in the value of currencies is what most bothers business. But such a concerted policy is unlikely, since some countries have the habit, according to Brittan, of discussing interest and exchange rates only in private "amongst consenting adults."

The board also saw threats to European growth in the old enemy of protectionism and the continuing spread of barriers to trade. High unemployment in most of the European Community has led to a dangerous impulse toward protectionism, loud declarations in favor of free trade notwithstanding. Said Jan Tumlir, the chief economist of the world trade organization GATT (General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade): "All governments are afraid of protectionism. They are determined to resist it. They repeat that all the time. But sometimes the pressure for it is overwhelming, and then they give ground." That, he said, means that Europe's economies "cannot recover and sustain a long recovery."

The actual percentage of truly liberal trade among European countries and between them and the rest of the world has declined. After eliminating the products for which commerce is restricted, not much is left for free trade. The export or

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import of most agricultural products, textiles, synthetic fibers, clothing, shoes, steel and automobiles are now limited in some way. And restraints in one country beget restraints in another. No sooner had Washington pressured the Japanese into limiting the number of cars shipped to the U.S. than the Europeans, who already control their auto imports from Japan, were demanding still tougher restraints.

Tumlir warns that strong international cartels in steel, oil and some other basic commodities are forming or are effectively in place. These are propping up prices, fueling inflation, restricting trade and limiting growth. This does not do Western capitalism's image much good, or help the credibility of Western governments that sometimes quietly encourage the formation of such cartels. Says Brittan: "What kind of picture do we present to the Soviet Union when we preach about competition while at the same time our great industries are unable to stand up to the impact of the import of sandals from Korea?"

Most damaging of all, Tumlir warned, the protectionist illusion puts dangerous strains on the international financial system. The industrialized countries export three times as many goods to the developing countries as they import from them. By restricting imports of Third World goods, the industrialized nations deny foreign exchange to the developing nations, thereby shrinking their own export markets and destroying more jobs at home than they would save through protectionism. Meantime, investment in new plants is retarded and Third World debtor governments—whose creditworthiness depends on export earnings—must borrow more deeply to pay their debts

A crowd of 60,000 unemployed demonstrating last week in London's Trafalgar Square

Little or no growth probably in 1981, but a pickup is likely to start some time next year.

One of the great unknowns now hanging over the European economies is the future of French business after the election of Mitterrand. Board members generally doubted that the new French President would rush to fulfill his socialist program. The harsh reality of trying to run a fragile economy will be very sobering. Said Tumlir: "We are gradually emerging from a silly political season to some better understanding of the political conditions necessary for economic prosperity. Recovery always begins with a hangover." Even Italian Communists, said Giersch, are coming to the conclusion that it is "medium-size private enterprise that is really doing the hard work and innovation, and providing the money for government expenditures."

Jean-Marie Chevalier, a professor of economics at the University of Paris Nord, suggested that Mitterrand's ascendancy will in no way amount to the forced socialization of the French economy. Said Chevalier: "Most of the decisions will be taken very slowly." If all the industries slated for nationalization by Mitterrand during his presidential campaign are in fact taken over, the amount of state control of industry would rise only from about 12% to just 16%.

Nonetheless, any new state control bothered some board members. Tumlir said industries that were nationalized earlier, including the railways, steel and utilities, now operate free of political pressure and have usually been spurred forward by a drive for greater efficiency and productivity. The pending actions, he said, are mainly for "political control" of the economy.

Mitterrand's first economic goals will be to increase the purchasing power of low-income families; cut unemployment among young people; and experiment with budget busters like paying women a wage to stay at home, rear children and stay out of the labor force. But even Chevalier admitted he does not know what lies ahead. Said he: "We do not know what sort of things can change, but the French economy, the French administration and the French people needed some sort of change. They were fed up with the rigidity of the economy."

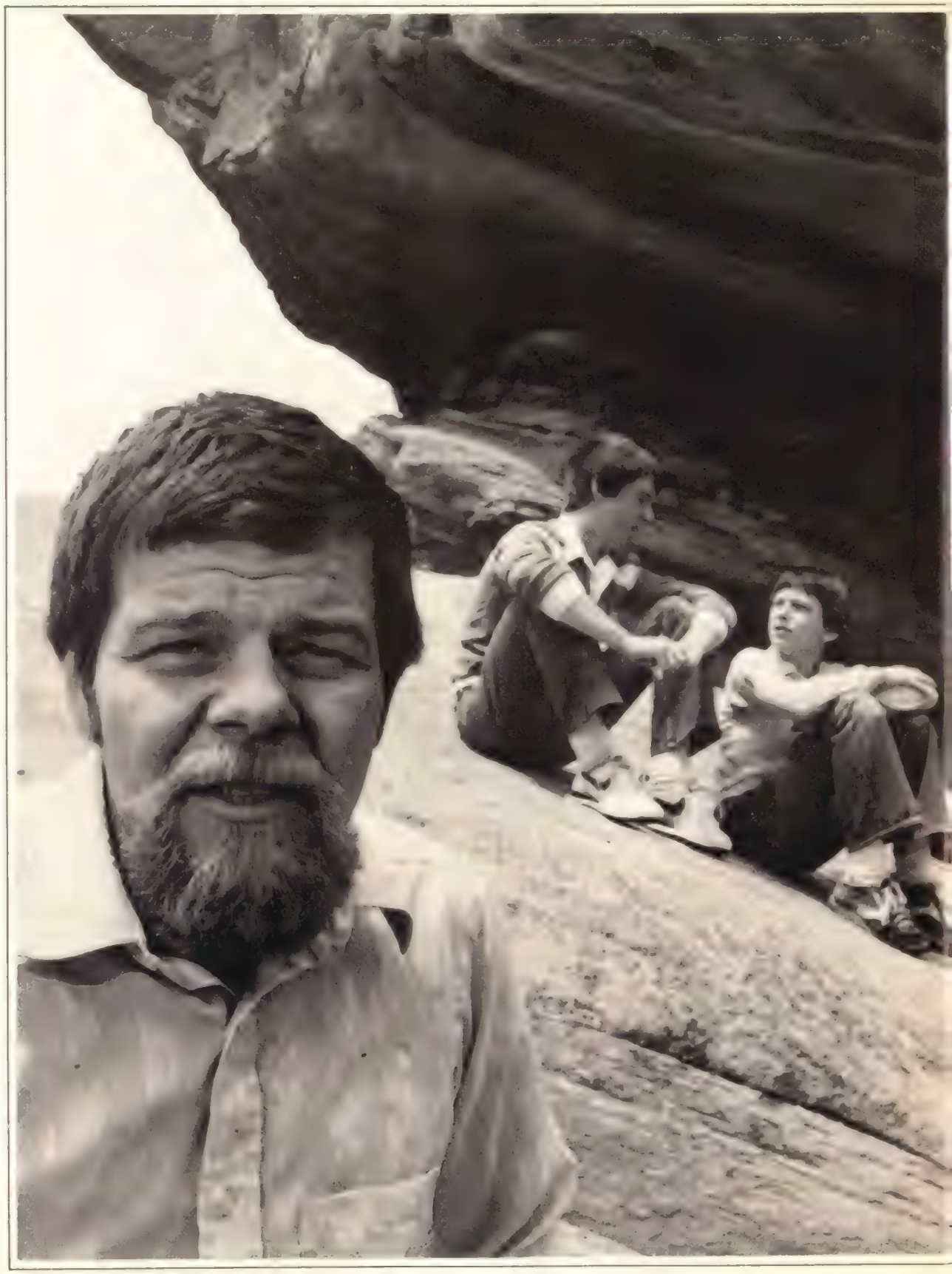
There was no doubt among board members that France's new policies will have an impact on European economic thinking. This might be another example of what Tumlir saw as the political habit, exhibited in everything from trade policy to exchange rates, of using "a substitution of incantation for analysis." Brittan, though, perceived a benefit for British Conservatives. Said he: "What happens in France will make a great deal of difference in the development of British politics during the next few years. I think we must record a vote of thanks to the French for giving us three years of experimenting before the next British general election."

The board gave generally good marks to the other major political and economic experiment now being conducted: Reaganomics. They believed that if the Administration's brand of supply-side economics yields good results, it can be expected to show up in Europe in three to five years. But there were disbelievers. Only a "nasty recession," said Brittan, will bring the reduction in inflation to the 5.5% that Reagan wants by 1984. There was also a feeling that Reagan's policies of high interest rates could cause the U.S. business community, his biggest supporter last November, to turn against him, just as business has cooled toward Margaret Thatcher's Conservative government in Britain.

The board was somewhat skeptical about the current U.S. economic outlook. Many American economists now predict a reduction in inflation to around 8% by year's end, and growth in real terms of a modest 2.3%. Said Brittan: "A lot of the relative optimism depends on a quirk in your Consumer Price Index, which can show substantial short-term fluctuations with little change in the underlying rate of inflation." The annual core inflation rate in the U.S., which is closely linked to wage rates, is now about 10%.

With the end of the recession just starting to appear on the horizon, Western Europeans will have to begin thinking about the long-range policies that will give them a solid foundation for future economic growth. It will take strong politicians and firm economic policies to do that. Brittan borrowed a line from Shakespeare's *Henry V* to sum up Europe's economic mission: "He which hath no stomach to this fight, let him depart."

—*By John S. DeMott*



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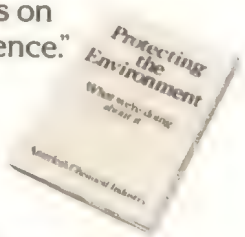

America's Chemical Industry

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Further Perils for Poland

A sputtering economy strains under $27 billion of debt

For almost a year, Poland's embattled Communist leaders have faced the twin threats of domestic social revolution and military invasion by the Soviet Union. Now another ominous specter looms: national bankruptcy.

Burdened by sporadic worker walkouts and bumbling bureaucratic mismanagement, Poland's economy is in a shambles. Industrial production is down 10% from a year ago, and coal exports to the West, one of the country's most important sources of trade revenue, are off 29%. As a result, Poland last March failed to make scheduled payments on the staggering $27 billion debt that it owes Western governments and banks and technically went into default. Moreover, the Poles urgently need as much as $4 billion in new loans merely to keep up with interest on their current debt and pay for vital imports, including grain, oil and iron ore.

Who will bail out Poland? That question has sparked a kind of pressure-packed international poker game involving 15 Western governments, some 460 private banks and the Soviet Union. Among the chief Western creditors are the U.S., where 60 banks have Polish loans on the books, plus West Germany, France, Britain and Austria. None of the governments or private players want to increase their stakes in the game, but none can afford to let Poland's economy collapse and lose all the money that they have already bet.

The 15 Western governments made the first move. Two months ago they agreed to let Poland postpone until 1986 all interest and principal payments on 90% of the $2.6 billion owed to governments this year. Later this month a task force of moneymen from eleven Western nations will huddle in Paris to discuss what to do about the $2.6 billion that Poland is scheduled to pay private banks this year. The bankers have little choice but to follow the example of their governments and give Poland some breathing room. One draft proposal being circulated among the banks would give Poland a 4½-year grace period on principal payments, but still require interest to be paid during that time.

Even with these concessions Poland must have new loans to keep its economy going, and where they will come from is highly uncertain. Says an American banker deeply involved in the negotiations: "No new money will come from the banks. That's solely the job for governments." The West European nations are likely sources for rescue funds because trade with Poland is important to their economies. The U.S., however, has suggested that the Soviet Union and other Communist countries should supply the extra money to keep Poland afloat. The Soviets last year loaned their satellite $1 billion in Western currencies to use for imports and interest payments.

In its pleas for aid, Poland has promised to slash its imports and divert products from domestic consumption to boost exports. Those pledges will be hard to fulfill in a country where sinking living standards have generated social upheaval. Shops already stock no rice, jam or fruit, except for apples. Meat is rationed at a little over a pound per person per week. The seemingly interminable lines outside the stores are a constant source of black humor. One joke now making the rounds:

"Where are you headed?" one Pole asks another.

"To Cracow to get some meat."

"But there's no meat in Cracow. The only meat is in Warsaw."

"I know, but the line starts in Cracow."

Poland's government blames the strikes that accompanied formation of the new independent labor unions for much of the economic malaise. But the mammoth debt is a product of badly botched central planning and remarkably loose lending policies by Western banks. In 1971 Communist Party Boss Edward Gierek, who had just come to power in the wake of economic unrest, launched a headlong drive to make Poland an industrial powerhouse that would market its wares to the world. Borrowing billions of dollars from the West, Gierek dotted the Polish countryside with construction cranes and earthmovers to build new factories.

The pell-mell pace of investment was more than Poland's economy could rationally absorb, and much of the money is mired in unfinished projects. Since 1973, for example, the Poles have poured $1.1 billion into a paper mill at the town of Kwidzyn. Though scheduled to be completed three years ago, the plant is still not operating. Even when the factories open, markets for their products often do not materialize. The Poles built a $224 million plant in Piaseczno to make color-television tubes. Yet export sales of these tubes are now running less than 6% of what was planned for, and the factory suffered a loss last year of $19 million.

When the Polish Communist Party Congress convenes next month, tough economic reforms will be on the agenda. Government officials know they must cancel scores of grandiose construction projects and shut down factories that are inefficient or heavily dependent on imported raw materials. The official Communist daily newspaper, *Trybuna Ludu*, has acknowledged that more than 1 million Poles may temporarily lose their jobs. Such unemployment would be without precedent in a Communist country, but the Polish leaders seem to recognize that harsh measures are unavoidable. *—By Charles Alexander. Reported by William Rademaekers/Warsaw and Bruce van Voorst/Brussels*

A young couple finds barren shelves at a supermarket in Zyrardow, near Warsaw

A pressure-packed poker game involving 460 banks and 15 Western governments

Gene Blues

Delay in the big lab payoff

When stock in Cetus Corp., one of the world's four major genetic engineering firms, was offered to the public three months ago, investors eagerly bought 5.2 million shares at $23, but the price has since declined to $19. Just a half year earlier, shares of competing Genentech jumped within minutes on the first day of trading from $35 to a stratospheric $89. But now Genentech stock is selling for only $37 a share. Has the genie gone out of genetic-engineering companies?

This new industry, which manipulates the genetic code by splicing strands of DNA, still looks like one of the fastest growing businesses of the 1980s. After a long study, the Office of Technology Assessment concluded: "Genetic technologies may contribute to filling some of the most fundamental needs of mankind —from health care to supplies of food and energy." Yet both Wall Street and the public are taking a longer-term view of the potential profits from recombinant DNA research. Says Richard B. Emmitt, vice president of research for F. Eberstadt of New York: "Most people have been too optimistic about the size and commercial payoff of these companies. Wall Street has lost money before by betting on long shots."

One reason for the current caution is the difficulties researchers are encountering in perfecting the use of interferon as a possible cure for cancer. After well over a year of testing on human patients, "interferon hasn't yet done anything better than any other anticancer drug," says Frank Rauscher, senior vice president for research of the American Cancer Society.

Like executives at the other major firms in the industry, Cetus President Peter Farley is dampening public expectations about interferon. Says he: "This development is going to take years and years of major tests." But the Berkeley, Calif., company is still moving ahead. It says it can now produce 6,000 daily patient doses of interferon in just 15 hours, which is faster than any other company has publicly claimed.

Across the Bay Bridge in South San Francisco, Genentech is in the midst of a $20 million expansion. The firm's gene-spliced insulin, which is thought less likely to produce an allergic reaction in some diabetics than the animal insulin usually used, is now in the final phase of certification by the Food and Drug Administration. It could be put on the market perhaps by late 1982. But Genentech is trying to iron out some difficult problems with the human growth hormone used to treat dwarfs. Patients at Stanford University's hospital a few weeks ago developed fevers after taking the new drug. Concedes Marketing Manager Gary Hooper: "The product wasn't at a stage where we would have liked it to be."

Executives at Genex, the Rockville, Md., gene-splicing firm, expect to double its million-dollar business this year. Genex is currently seeking outside capital for a major research project: developing a bacterial organism that would convert biomass like wood or grass into ethanol, which is used in the production of industrial chemicals. The company is also accelerating research into the mass production of vitamins and amino acids used to enrich foods. Success could cut the cost of additives in feed corn from $50 to as low as $2 a pound.

Testing interferon at Biogen laboratories

For the hot industry of the 1980s, a pause.

Biogen S.A., whose headquarters are located in Geneva, plans to open its first U.S. laboratory this fall, in Cambridge, Mass. Last month Biogen announced that it was beginning production of genetically engineered vaccines to combat foot-and-mouth disease, as well as a particularly nasty type of hepatitis. Recently, the company signed contracts with large commercial firms in the U.S. and Europe for the production of gene-spliced insulin and animal growth hormones.

Bioengineering firms are silent about the prospects for future profits. Genex President J. Leslie Glick warns that projecting the eventual market for recombinant DNA technology is "like seeing at night blindfolded." But some industry analysts still believe that these pioneers of gene splicing, plus other new companies entering the field such as California-based Armos, AMGEN and DNAX, could be producing products with DNA worth as much as $40 billion by the end of the century. ■

Chief Executive

Manufacturing pens and pride

In the shadow of the Rocky Mountains on the rolling terrain of Browning, Mont., sits a squat, 40,000-sq.-ft. powder-blue building that houses a most unusual factory. The clattering machines that each day churn out 600,000 pens, pencils and markers are ordinary enough, but the work force is special. The warehouse manager, for example, is Donald Little Bull, and the second-shift supervisor is LeRoy Bullshoe. The chief executive is Chief Earl Old Person, 52, head of the Blackfeet tribe and chairman of the Blackfeet Indian Writing Co.

For millions of Americans, Indian enterprise is synonymous with souvenir stands peddling leather moccasins and rubber tomahawks. But the Blackfeet and many other tribes across the country are determined to change that stereotyped image and provide employment on their economically depressed reservations. Since 1972 the number of Indian-owned companies has jumped from about 1,800 to more than 5,600.

A decade ago, jobs near the Blackfeet reservation were mostly seasonal. Some Indians found work as ranch hands or lumberjacks during the warm months, but in the winter, when temperatures often dipped to −20° F, unemployment around Browning rose to 70%.

In 1970 Old Person journeyed to Washington to seek help. Federal officials suggested that the Blackfeet make pencils and offered financial aid amounting to about $300,000. An investment broker put Old Person in touch with private investors in the Northeast willing to provide more seed money. With a grand total of $500,000, including $101,000 of their own capital, the Blackfeet launched the company in 1971.

Chairman Old Person

Though sales started slowly at first, today some 300 of the 500 largest U.S. industrial companies supply their employees with inexpensive, disposable Blackfeet products. Sears features the Indian pencils and plastic pens in some of its catalogues and sells more than 8 million of them annually. The U.S. Army and Air Force distribute Blackfeet wares in their PXs worldwide. With sales last year of $5.1 million, the company earned a net profit of $175,000. The business supports 100 jobs on a reservation where unemployment still hovers near 50%, and Chairman Old Person confidently plans to borrow more money to expand the factory. Says he: "We have built pride where there was none." And that makes the bottom line of the Blackfeet Indian Writing Co. look healthy indeed. ■

Slam! Bang! A Movie Movie

In Raiders of the Lost Ark, *Lucas crafts a real cliffhanger*

In Arabian disguise, Harrison Ford zeroes in on the lost ark's hiding place

Indians armed with poisoned darts and arrows. Arabian assassins in black masks wielding wickedly whistling scimitars. Nazis by the jackbooted legion, including a Gestapo sadist always dressed in black, always giggling in happy anticipation of torturing someone. A cave where tarantulas drop from the ceiling by the bushel. An underground chamber alive with deadly snakes—7,500 of them. Flying wings and flying boats. A car chase and a barroom brawl. Abduction by submarine. Supernatural forces. A brainy professor who turns into a roguish soldier of fortune between semesters. A heroine who talks tough, loves hard and punches with either hand. A traitorous monkey—yes, a treacherous little bundle of chattering fur who constantly betrays the good guys until he is dispatched by a poisoned date, not a minute too soon.

Raiders of the Lost Ark has it all—or, anyway, more than enough to transport moviegoers back to the dazzling, thrill-sated matinee idyls of old. It is surely the best two hours of pure entertainment anyone is going to find in the summer of '81, and it is almost equally certain to be the great commercial hit of the season—a blockbuster on the order of *Star Wars* and *Jaws*. Which is as it should be, since it is produced by George Lucas, 37, who created the former, and directed by Steven Spielberg, 33, who made the latter.

This is good news, a cheerful prospect to contemplate as the air conditioner goes on the fritz and the kids go into a frazzle. One begins to wonder: What did people do in the summers before George Lucas started making movies? But there is more to the success of *Raiders* than the simple, "Let's see it again" pleasure it is going to give audiences, though that, of course, is its most basic virtue. In a troubled time for the American movie, a time of runaway costs, indifferent craftsmanship and stiffening competition from new entertainment technologies, *Raiders* is, in fact, an exemplary film, an object lesson in how to blend the art of storytelling with the highest levels of technical know-how, planning, cost control and commercial acumen. Most of its relatively low, $20 million budget (half what Michael Cimino was permitted to squander on his out-of-control flop, *Heaven's Gate*) is, as they say in Hollywood, "on the screen." It will therefore surely make money. The only question is whether it will rival the huge worldwide grosses of *Star Wars* ($500 million) and *The Empire Strikes Back* ($300 million).

Raiders represents Spielberg's best work in years, a return to the briskness and coherence that have been missing since *Jaws*. But in the end it is very much a producer's film, a George Lucas film, reflecting not only his taste in entertainment but a carefully evolved production style that leaves plenty of room for creativity and none at all for miscalculation or self-indulgence. The film began as "a daydream" back in 1973, when Lucas first got the desire "to make a B movie I wanted to see," and was modeled on Republic serials, those thrill-a-minute kiddie-matinee favorites of the '30s and '40s.

His reverie centered on a college professor who, when not off on foreign adventures, could be found in a nightclub with a slinky, '30s-style blond on each arm. With a little help from Writer-Director Philip Kaufman, who worked on the story for two weeks, the blonds and the nightclub disappeared. Lucas' archaeologist hero (along with anthropology, it was the producer's favorite college course) finds himself recruited by the American Government, circa 1936, to foil, singlehanded, a huge German team that is on the brink of rediscovering the long-lost Ark of the Covenant, in which the tablets containing the Ten Commandments were placed after they were brought down from Mount Sinai. Beyond its intrinsic value as the ultimate object of religious veneration, the ark is believed to be capable of conferring mystical power on its worldly possessor; legend has it that an army with the ark in its van is invincible—hence the scramble between Nazis and Yanks.

Director Spielberg plans with models

Producer Lucas takes a shot

There the story rested until Lucas, cooling out on a Hawaiian beach after launching *Star Wars*, began embroidering his tale for Spielberg, his friend. "I felt like I was eating a barrel of popcorn at a noon matinee," Spielberg recalls. Two years later they called in Screenwriter Lawrence Kasdan, who shared the screenplay credit on *Empire*, for a marathon "pitching" session. For five consecutive nine-hour days the three men shouted, argued, paced and acted out the story until its line was firm. "We are general

Idol snatching: Rogue Archaeologist Ford escapes a booby-trapped cave with prize in tow

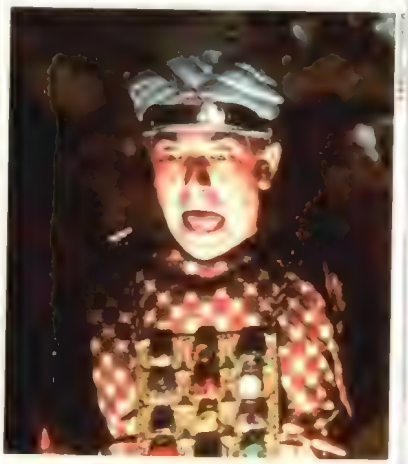
Alien meets a traitorous monkey

practitioners," explains Spielberg. "The best work I do is when I'm locked in a room with people I respect and have fun with."

Ruling out Bondian improbabilities, they settled on the adventure-serial structure. Cliffhangers usually came in twelve parts, and by a happy coincidence there are a dozen major menacing situations in *Raiders*. Each time there appears to be no way out for the hero, Indiana Jones (named after Lucas' beloved Malemute dog, whose "character" was previously borrowed for *Star Wars*' Wookie), or the heroine, Marion, a reincarnation of the "Hawksian woman," that sexy, spirited lady the late director Howard Hawks always included among the boys in his action films. At one juncture it appears that Marion, played by the lovely Karen Allen, 29, may have been killed in an explosion; at another she faces a choice between dishonor (offered by oily No. 1 villain, Paul Freeman) and slow death (eagerly threatened by No. 2 menace, Ronald Lacey). If Indiana finds a secret passage out of a sealed tomb, you may be sure he's soon going to have to grapple with a goon amid whirling airplane propellers—and then, bloodied and bushed, roar off on a spectacular chase. The great difference between *Raiders* and its humble progenitors is that one doesn't have to wait a week to find out where the escape hatch is hidden.

There are moments when the audience can catch its breath, but they are brief and shrewdly calculated. Says Lucas: "My films are closer to amusement-park rides than to a play or a novel. You get in line for a second ride." If that were their only distinction, they would not be substantially different from any reasonably well-made action-adventure picture. What gives them their uncanny appeal is a depth, a resonance, that works almost subliminally on the viewer.

Much of this special quality can be traced to the quiet linkages, never blatant or campy, that Lucas' movies make with everyone's shared movie past. These linkages are affectionate and gracious acknowledgments that after almost 100 years movies have built up an honorable set of visual traditions and character conventions. Such references can be as broad as the heroine's manner, as subtle as a glimpse of exaggerated shadows on the wall during a fight scene, or the animated map tracing Indiana Jones' progress from continent to continent as he pursues his grail-ark. Says Harrison Ford, 38, *Star Wars*' Han Solo, who plays Indiana: "*Raiders* is really about movies. It is intricately designed as a real tribute to the craft." Spielberg agrees, noting that the film's opening image, that of Paramount's famous mountain logo dissolving into a perfectly matched real mountain, "is the first hint that you're in for a trip."



Villains Freeman, top, and Lacey

But these historical references are not the only bows to tradition in *Raiders*. The simple craftsmanship evident throughout, the attention to detail, which, as the special-effects people like to say, "sells the shot," puts the viewer in mind of an almost vanished habit of meticulous moviemaking. Two examples: when Indiana makes his escape from a sacred cave, a tribe of outraged Indians in hot pursuit, puffs of dust are shaken loose from his clothes with each pounding stride; later, when Marion loses a shoe as she is pushed into the snakepit, the camera cuts to a shot of an asp slithering through the open toe, as economical a suggestion of terror as anyone has ever made. Movies can be made without such things. But when they are present, they make the difference between the merely good and the truly memorable.

Indeed, the whole Lucas emphasis on special effects, on loading his films with optical tricks that can be created only in movies, has a transforming effect on his work. It opens the audience's mind —again with great subtlety—to the connections between a seemingly simple tale

of adventure and the richer realm of myth. It is Homer's trick, the trick of all the saga spinners and tale bearers down through the ages. And like them, Lucas leaves his listeners free to choose the level on which they will appreciate his work. When, at the end of *Raiders*, the Nazis pry open the ark and let loose the defender demons it contains, the effect is so breathtaking that one almost forgets that this is the final horrific conflict between the forces of light and darkness.

Indeed, Lucas insists that he resorts to special effects mainly because they are economical, a way of delivering good movie value at affordable prices. "I make films that generate emotions," he says, adding that the challenge is to "make youngsters' eyes," he says. "I don't make intellectual movies. George, however, is really an intellectual."

Slight, soft-spoken, reclusively inclined, Lucas wears that mantle as lightly as he wears the garb of his *Star Wars* success. He drives a Toyota, wears plaid sports shirts and high-top basketball sneakers, works in a home-office complex in Marin County, across the bridge from San Francisco. He loathes Los Angeles ("Hollywood doesn't care about film; they live to make deals") and does not like to direct. He runs his Lucasfilm operation tightly but benignly. His top executives are often film-school graduates and always knowledgeable, low-key, untemperamental. They have to be smart since

Story-board sketch for the barroom brawl: meticulously plotting every scene to cut costs

And the finished shot, with Good Guy Harrison Ford blazing away at the Nazi devils

them well enough so that they work at 51% effort. If the movie is made at 100% effort, it is indulgent." And likely to suffer unbearable cost overruns. "Cimino made *Heaven's Gate* at 150%." Moviegoers, says the frugal Lucas, will buy a weakish special effect or even stock footage as long as their emotions are engaged. "If it gets dreary, then they notice," he says. In *Raiders*, only sharp-eyed cineasts will know that a shot of a DC-3 flying in the Himalayas was bought from the remake of *Lost Horizon* or that a 1930s street scene came from *The Hindenburg*.

Like another great craftsman, Alfred Hitchcock, Lucas prefers to present himself as a pure entertainer, perhaps fearing that references to more profound aspects of his work will put the public off. "Francis Coppola likes to think of film as art," he says. "I don't take it that seriously. Art is for someone to figure out 100 years from now." Spielberg agrees and disagrees. "We both see movies through Lucas, unlike most producers, can do anything that needs to be done around a production. He ran a second camera for Spielberg on one of his infrequent visits to a *Raiders* location. Uncredited, he supervises all editing and is final arbiter of everything turned out by Industrial Light and Magic, his special-effects shop down the road. A man who believes in careful preplanning—all his films are meticulously story-boarded—he simply cannot be conned into spending money needlessly by a careless line producer or a runaway director. Typical is his attitude toward casting. "All I care about is good acting. Star value is only an insurance policy for those who don't trust themselves making films."

This does not imply a lack of generosity when it comes to sharing credit or profits. When *Empire* struck gold, for example, Lucas gave 25% of the windfall to his co-workers. And he is not threatened by talent, as insecure executives are. Says Spielberg, who went substantially over budget on his last three pictures: "*Raiders* was wonderful because George is in no way intimidated by me. Also, it is hard to spend your friend's money." All the friend intended to spend, in any case, was $20 million—but he insisted that it look like $30 million on the screen. The film was shot under schedule in a London studio and on location in Hawaii, Tunisia and La Rochelle, France. "There was no time for indulging inspiration," says Spielberg. "It was spontaneous combustion, a relay race. We didn't do 30 or 40 takes—usually only four. It was like silent film—shoot only what you need, no waste. Had I had more time and money, it would have turned out a pretentious movie."

That, emphatically, it is not. It is all zip-zap, biff-bang. Yet so strong is the imagery, so compelling the pace, so sharply defined are the characters, that one leaves the *Lost Ark* with the feeling that, like the best films of childhood, it will take up permanent residence in memory. Such film-going experiences are, of course, what turned Lucas and Spielberg into film makers. The latter speaks particularly of the lasting impression Disney's *Fantasia* made on him—"life seen through different eyes."

Spielberg has made the kind of movie Walt Disney might have made had he lived into the 1980s, an entrancing combination of pure cinematic movement, good-humored lack of pretense and allusive fantasy. And he has been collaborating with the man who is Disney's logical successor. For with the old master, George Lucas shares certain values—Wasp, small-town, morally conservative—and certain talents—for technological innovation, cost-conscious supervision of team creative effort and responsible merchandising of motion picture offshoots. Lucas also holds to Disney's vision of a community of creative film makers living and working together in a utopian atmosphere. The Disney studio never came close to that, but Lucas has already started construction on his communal Lucas Valley compound, north of San Francisco.

The question for Lucas is whether he can sustain his idealism in an envious and highly competitive field, where success is usually measured by the bottom line. For Disney, utopia turned into creative stasis and the once vaulting fantasies gave way to the commercialized thrills of Disneyland. If Lucas can preserve himself from commercial temptation, he may yet realize his larger ambition, which is to use the profits from his popular movies for more experimental work. "I want to push film further and still get some emotional pull," he says. In the confused and beleaguered movie industry, this is a tall order. But Lucas is still a very young man. And an endlessly gifted one. —*By Richard Schickel.*
Reported by Martha Smilgis/Los Angeles

Anthems for the Mystery Kids

The reggae reveries of Garland Jeffreys make a fine record

Marcellino Casanova. Johnny-one-arm. Little Angel from Laslow Street. Cinderella. Names that sound like Damon Runyon. Lives that feel like William Burroughs. These are Garland Jeffreys' mystery kids, and the extraordinary music that he makes about them seems to come straight from their lives.

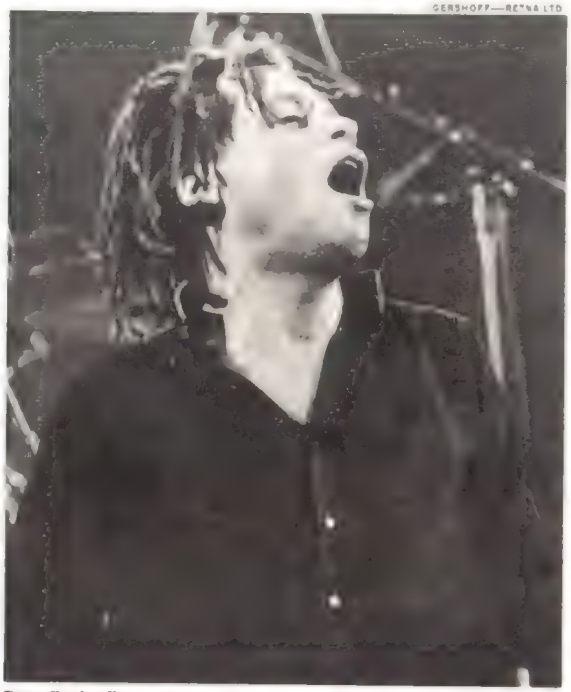
Sometimes Jeffreys sings about these kids directly: the hard, hopeless downtown orphans whose hustle along the thin edge becomes a musical metaphor for political desperation and spiritual desolation. Often the kids lurk at the core of a lyric or, like phantoms, underneath a smart-stepping riff. Jeffreys does not always deal with them directly. His best tunes—many of them, like *Mystery Kids*, to be found on his newest album, *Escape Artist*—have the cool anger and the anxious tenderness of a street blood. A Jeffreys record is like a fast cruise across the radio band. Reggae, jazz and full-tilt rock all blend with casual finesse. This is big-city soul music born of tough beginnings and hard realities. Soul music for sole survivors.

Garland Jeffreys knows this turf firsthand. He is 37 now, but he gives the impression that old scars are still fresh. For him, cutting a record is not just a matter of laying down tracks. It is a process of "exorcising my demons." Those demons are stubborn, and the getaway referred to in the title of the new album is, he says, "an escape from fear." If Jeffreys seems to be more haunted than he should be, that may also be because he got a double dose of the fears. That's a lot, even for a mystery kid.

"I'm finally starting to say it's time to stop looking at what happened back there," Jeffreys mused recently during a break in his 19-city U.S. tour. "I'm now saying move on, your life is bigger." But there were times, growing up in Brooklyn, that life loomed so large that it threatened to swallow him up. He was a year old in the waning days of World War II, when his father, a sailor, skipped out and never showed up again.

His father was a mulatto, his mother Puerto Rican, and she remarried into a family in which the color line got crossed so many times that it turned into a sort of soft, beige blur. That condition may be fine for discussion in a sociology seminar, but it is rough in a classroom and punishing on the playground. Jeffreys was Roman Catholic, but the other Catholic kids would not hang out with him because he was black. The neighborhood blacks kept away from him because his skin was too light. He found a couple of Jewish friends but was forbidden to play with his own cousins, who were Italian.

Norman Lear TV sitcoms have made metropolitan racial mélanges like this into laugh material for a more sophisticated and cynical generation. But growing up in the real situation, in a New York neighborhood where racial barriers were as inflexible as foreign borders, the laughs did not come easy. "I felt like I was being punished, cut off," Jeffreys remembers. "It made me lonely." And scared of the sound of his stepfather's foot on the stair.



GERSHOFF—RETNA LTD

Dreadlocks flying, Garland Jeffreys rips into a song

Like a fast cruise across the radio band.

Usually it is prudent to keep a little on guard when talking about the figurative batterings of childhood. In Jeffreys' case, though, that turmoil seems to lie at the core of his music. Certainly it is what turned him to music in the first place. He remembers his mother playing Sinatra, Nat King Cole, Billie Holiday and the Mills Brothers, and he remembers, too, singing along with those old 78s by the time he was four. As he got older, he started listening to rhythm and blues: Sam Cooke, Jackie Wilson and, most of all, Frankie Lymon, whose high-flying vibrato could hang in the air like a white silk scarf. Music eased the loneliness. It was a neighbor, however, a painter who could talk knowledgeably about art and museums, who showed Jeffreys a way out.

It was a detour really. Jeffreys got into Syracuse University, then in his sophomore year landed a scholarship to study Renaissance art in Florence. That culture shock, he says, "changed my life. It gave me the feeling that there can be a better quality of life, a world where the string beans are fresh." After graduation, and another Italian interlude, Jeffreys settled in Manhattan, put his formal education in a corner and taught himself guitar. Sometimes he appeared with an old friend from Syracuse, Lou Reed. More often, he just tried to keep his career on the tracks.

There have been frequent derailments. After a couple of ragged but promising early albums, Jeffreys cut a great song, *Wild in the Streets*—about those mystery kids—and put out an album called *Ghost Writer* that was one of the standouts of the '70s. Great things were predicted. Subsequent records were like Hansel's trail of crumbs through the woods, attempts to clear away stylistic underbrush and find the path back.

Jeffreys has found it with *Escape Artist*, which is enjoying reasonably steady but not spectacular sales. It may be that Jeffreys' music is too highly charged for mass consumption and, perhaps, too overstuffed. Lyrically, the mystery kids show up side by side with Victor Hugo and V. Van Gogh. Jeffreys' ambitious and sophisticated synthesis of rock, reggae and jazz could easily become top-heavy. The cool inflections of his passion, however, keep the songs strong and upright, buttressed both by a flair for elegant concert showmanship and a voice that sounds like Frankie Lymon with a college education.

In the past, Jeffreys used rock 'n' roll —a mainstream white music—to sing about his experiences as a black. On *Escape Artist*, the sound is more emphatically Jamaican. Indeed, Jeffreys may be the first off-island artist to have done reggae right. One of *Escape Artist's* best tunes is a fierce evocation of the Miami riots of 1980 done "dub" style. Dub is reggae dressed down, and Jeffreys has lately taken to wearing his hair in the braided dreadlocks favored by Jamaican Rastafarians. That is more than a gesture of style. It helps connect him a little more closely to the music. After all this time, it gives him a sense of community. Of belonging. Garland Jeffreys has found his own way home. —*By Jay Cocks.*

Reported by Denise Worrell/New York

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Her Own Most Inspired Poem

EDITH SITWELL *by Victoria Glendinning; Knopf; 393 pages; $17.95*

Critic F.R. Leavis once remarked, "The Sitwells belong to the history of publicity, rather than that of poetry." He was accurate, but incomplete: to be a Sitwell was also to elevate self-dramatization to the state of an art. Edith Sitwell made the case for herself and her younger brothers, Osbert and Sacheverell, with no trace of corrupting modesty: "We all have the remote air of a legend."

To Biographer Victoria Glendinning, Edith was her own most inspired poem, and she once described herself in a cascade of fanciful imagery: "Tides ran in her blood, her nature was tempestuous . . . and changeable as water. In her black dress, with her slim body and her sudden silences, she might, indeed, have seemed one of the dark and mournful shadows that haunted the house, one of its presages of doom . . ." The Sitwell mystique centered on her extraordinary physical presence. Six feet tall, with the beaky, piercing look of a falcon, Edith would have appeared a freak if she had tried to resemble ordinary human beings. Instead she turned herself into something marvelously Gothic. She wore cowled headpieces, gold brocade robes, huge jet and ivory rings, and stared the world down with Byzantine eyes.

Cecil Beaton, for whose camera she seemed to have been invented, described her as "a tall, graceful scarecrow with the hands of a mediaeval saint." She appeared to have sprung fully formed from the battlements and spires of her childhood home, Renishaw Hall, like a figure in a tapestry.

Edith saw herself as a self-appointed champion of the arts against the hordes of barbarians. She had a genius for attracting important people to her crusade. For 18 years the elegantly impoverished daughter of Renishaw lived in unfashionable Bayswater. Her literary teas Evelyn Waugh summed up tersely as "stale buns and no chairs." Yet what names eagerly scrambled up the dingy stairs to knock on her "nasty green door." T.S. Eliot, Ravel, Diaghilev, E.M. Forster, Virginia Woolf, William Butler Yeats were among the Olympians one might have met at the Sitwells' salons.

To be Edith's protégé—like the young Dylan Thomas or the expatriate Russian painter Pavel Tchelitchew, whom she loved for 30 years with all her virgin heart—was to become the object of an awesome and sometimes smothering loyalty, feudal in its fierceness.

To be a Sitwell enemy was to be blacklisted, possibly sued, certainly well cursed. "The dregs of the literary population have risen as one worm to insult me," Edith stormed in a typical rhetorical outburst.

Sitting in bed with her notebooks, she scribbled about anything and everything to pay off her creditors and hold the attention of her entranced public. There was her verse, her superior historical guide *(Bath)*, two biographies of queens *(Victoria of England, Fanfare for Elizabeth)* and a novel about Jonathan Swift *(I Live Under a Black Sun)*.

When World War II came, Edith knitted socks, while listening to Debussy on her wind-up gramophone and downing large tumblers of gin. The Sitwell legend that had persevered since World War I seemed ready for retirement, along with the Empire.

Edith had other ideas. She took her act, "The Fabulous Sitwells," to the States and, with Osbert, soon had Americans happily paying $35 a ticket to hear her recite the poetry of *Façade* through megaphones to the accompaniment of William Walton's score. Everything Edith did became news, from converting to Roman Catholicism at 68 to spending a most congenial visit in Hollywood with Marilyn Monroe. She pronounced the actress "a little Spring-ghost, an innocent fertility-daemon, the vegetation spirit that was Ophelia."

In her old age, top-heavy with all those mantled gowns and Plantagenet hats, Edith got into the bad habit of falling, like a great wounded bird. She barely finished her autobiography, *Taken Care Of*, before she died in 1964 at 77, leaving the question unanswered: Was she a first-rank poet or merely a masterpiece of English eccentricity?

Both, says Glendinning. Yet the biographer cannot quite convince the reader because she has not quite convinced herself. She praises her subject for perceiving the world as a symbolist garden, but agrees with a cousin of Edith's that she "didn't care much for flowers unless she could make a phrase of them." For the later "Poems of the Atomic Age," she declares Edith "a modern seer, the interpreter of suffering humanity," but notes her "soft-focus mythology." What Glendinning does do wholeheartedly is convince her reader that the Sitwell persona could never have been created unless Edith deeply and passionately cared about poetry. In a prose age, this stands as achievement enough. —*By Melvin Maddocks*

Excerpt

"If she felt that she was freakish and deformed, nothing that happened to her ever persuaded her that she was deceived. Nevertheless, Virgil Thomson, among others, thought of her as 'sensually aware.'

It is possible that Edith's friends were mistaken in their assumption that she was 'a hardened virgin' by the time she fell in love with Tchelitchew. It is possible in the same way that it is possible that Elizabeth I was not a virgin queen. As an old woman, Edith was found weeping one day by her secretary; when asked what was the matter, she said she wept because she had never known physical love, 'and I feel I was made for it.' In a way she was; she had a loyal and loving and passionate nature. But she was trapped in her strange physique, and in her music and poetry, she was the abbess of the nightingales."

Dame Edith Sitwell in her Neo-Gothic pose

She appeared to have sprung from a tapestry.

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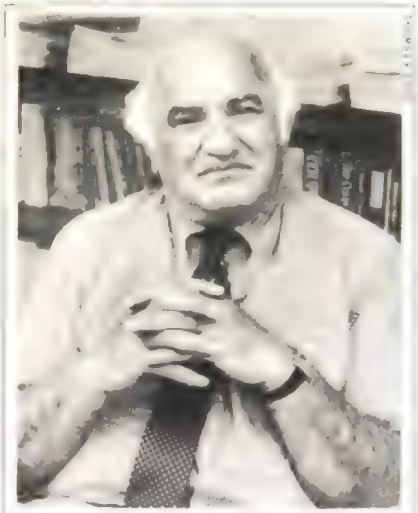


Jacobo Timerman

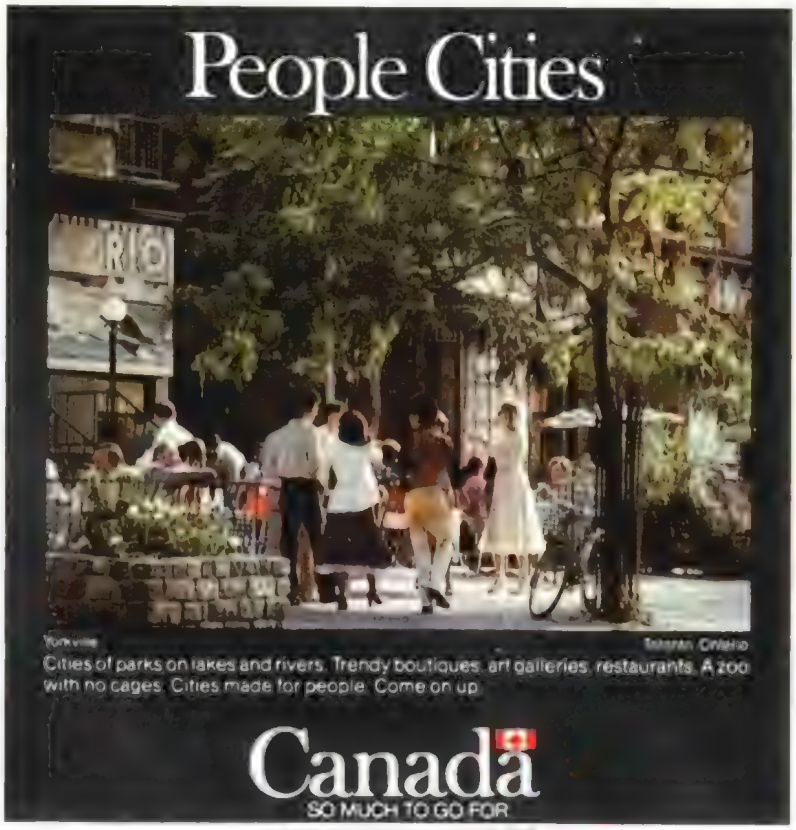
Face of Fascism

PRISONER WITHOUT A NAME, CELL WITHOUT A NUMBER
by Jacobo Timerman
Translated by Toby Talbot
Knopf; 164 pages; $10.95

Half a century ago, the Republic of Argentina was one of the most promising countries in the West. In the past two generations, behind a façade of "European" style, the country has degenerated into narcissism. Where some countries have aspirations, the Argentines have dreams. These they inflict upon each other in spasms of nationalism, socialism, Peronism, fascism and pure terrorism. As Jacobo Timerman points out in this harrowing account, violence amounts to a national characteristic in Argentina today.

Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number is part memoir, part meditation. Timerman, a Ukrainian Jew whose family moved to Argentina in 1928 to escape the pogroms, was one of Buenos Aires' most influential journalists and newspaper publishers. That placed him dangerously close to the center of events as Argentina imploded in the late '60s and early '70s, during the second coming of Juan Domingo Perón. The country's civil identity virtually disappeared, with "Peronists assassinating Peronists, the military assassinating the military, union members assassinating union members, students other students, policemen other policemen." Ideas were replaced by the license to kill for them. Timerman was a Zionist, a social democrat, a moderate—and altogether too intimate with key figures on all sides of the Argentine vortex. His privileged position could not last. In April 1977, one year after the military took power in a coup, he was kidnaped by members of the ultraright Argentine First Army Corps.

When electric shocks are applied, all that a man feels is that they're ripping apart his flesh. And he howls." Thus Tim-



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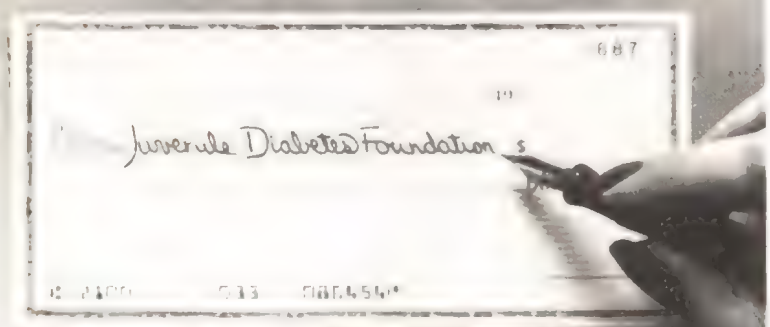

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Books

erman recalls his torture after capture. His testimony is most telling in its human details: the agony of solitary confinement, the humiliation of being smeared with one's own feces, the ecstasy felt on meeting the eye of another prisoner through an unguarded peephole.

More difficult to comprehend is Timerman's story of why he was abducted in the first place. He recounts crude anti-Semitic insults and the paranoid belief in a Jewish plot to seize Argentina's windswept Patagonia region for a new Israel. Timerman claims that his life was spared only because high military commanders hoped to conduct a show trial against international Zionism. But if that is all there is to the story, then his title is misleading. For among the thousands of "disappeared" persons who have been tortured and murdered in Argentina, Timerman is one whose name is very well known.

After the initial brutal months of his captivity, Timerman was held under relatively civilized house arrest, while an international campaign was waged for his release. His experience with neo-Nazism does not begin to explain the atrocities committed against thousands of non-Jewish Argentines, Uruguayans and other Latin American refugees. The official shibboleths of state terrorism included the "safeguarding of democracy" and of "Western Christian values." The slogans raise the specter of a fascistic form of liberalism, a new Jacobinism, which Timerman fails to address. Still, if he is no political analyst, Timerman offers an invaluable contribution to the lengthening shelf of witness literature. To date, his testament is the most painful and searching document available on the inner life of a land that could produce the imaginings of Jorge Luis Borges but that Borges himself could not imagine. —*By George Russell*

Province of Irony

LOST IN AMERICA
by Isaac Bashevis Singer
Illustrations by Raphael Soyer
Doubleday; 259 pages; $17.95

In *The Once and Future King*, T.H. White imagined Merlin as a wizard who lived backward, progressing from dotage to youth. It was yet another instance of literature anticipating life—as, for example, the life of Isaac Bashevis Singer.

At 76, Singer writes with the vigor of a man arriving at his prime. It seems impossible to think of the Nobel laureate as anything but a master of "impassioned narrative art," for which he was cited in 1978.

But it was not always so. In *Lost in America*, Singer recalls the mid-'30s when he left his native Poland for the Promised City, New York, N.Y. Obscured by the reputation of his expatriate older brother, Novelist I.J. Singer, Isaac becomes a stateless wanderer, at home

Isaac Bashevis Singer

A master of impassioned narrative.

only in the province of irony. He can no longer adhere to the liturgical beliefs of his father, but he refuses the blandishments of Stalin's comrades, many of whom will later perish in the Gulag. On his way to Paris, he rides through Germany eating matzohs and looking numbly through train windows at German flags displaying an unfamiliar design: the swastika.

Boarding with his brother in the U.S., Isaac hears the novelist railing, "All life in America keeps constantly changing. How can such a nation create a real literature?" Yet to write about the Old World seems even riskier. An émigré issues a warning that is to echo down to the days of Philip Roth: "The scribblers here try to persuade the reader that the *shtetl* was a paradise full of saints. So comes along someone from the very place and he says 'stuff and nonsense!' They'll excommunicate you here, but don't be alarmed."

Isaac is neither alarmed nor excommunicated; he is merely ignored. To survive he does journalistic hackwork: to amuse himself, he records the conversation of characters who, 40 years later, seem to have just stepped from a kosher cafeteria. A divorcee reduces world conflict to a domestic squabble: "I made the same mistake as our allies are making . . . I tried to appease a person who knows war only." An optimist offers proof that homo sapiens is on the ascent: "After all, we were once apes and now we're human. It's a long distance between a gorilla and Mahatma Gandhi." If ridicule is used to illuminate the cast imperfect, Singer is not afraid to turn it on himself. He mocks his belief in suicide as consolation, recalls his solemn and frantic pursuit of women, and reprints some of his early and awkward literary efforts. In the process, with an artlessness that conceals art, he manages to re-create not only his early self but the epoch that formed him. The sure hand and the total recall may make readers wonder if Singer was ever a greenhorn. That he is a wizard, there can be no doubt. —*By Stefan Kanfer*

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All About Men: Shere's Sequel

In the second Hite report, the angle is still feminist

Shere Hite wanted to call her 1976 book on women's sex lives *Diana Rising*. Macmillan, her publisher, preferred *Sex As We Like It*. The compromise title was brilliant: *The Hite Report*, with its subliminal claim of equality to Kinsey, lifted the work out of the crowded ranks of sex-survey books and helped launch it as a surprise bestseller. So far it has sold an astonishing 750,000 copies in hard cover—more than half of these in 16 foreign-language editions—and there are an additional 2.3 million paperback copies in print.

Even before *The Hite Report* was published, the author, a former fashion model, began work on the sequel, shipping out the first of 119,000 questionnaires to men, using outlets as varied as *Penthouse* magazine and church groups. The result, published this week, is *The Hite Report on Male Sexuality* (Knopf; $19.95), which sums up the opinions of 7,239 males, ages 13 to 97. In size, at least, it is a true blockbuster: at 4 lbs. and 1,162 pages, it is nearly three times the size of Hite One. And like the first book, it offers few statistics, drawing its strength from the candor and anguish of ordinary folk talking about their sex problems in excruciating detail.

One exasperated male confesses his inability to decipher female sexual needs: "Perhaps I'm missing the subtle hints women are said to give. If so, maybe they are using too much subtlety." Writes another: "I have *never* met a woman who loved sex, simply and straightforwardly. Instead, sex seems to me to be, for most women, a way of manipulating men . . ." A rarer complaint: "I've been picked up by women who just wanted sex, and afterward just rolled over and went to sleep—I don't like it any more than a woman does."

Hite says that 16% of the men report having extramarital sex during the first year of marriage. Of those married two years or more, only 28% have always been faithful to their mates. Of those who stray, most complain about sexual problems at home, usually that the wife does not want sex often enough. More than half of all the respondents (approximately 52%) say they have sex at least twice a week, and anxiety about performance is so widespread that only 31% say they never have a problem achieving an erection.

Like the women in Hite One, the men of Hite Two report that orgasms are stronger in masturbation than in intercourse—a finding that the author calls the most surprising in the book. Most men are enthusiastic about cunnilingus, though a significant number confess to being intimidated or repelled by female genitalia. (Actually, says Hite, the female parts are a "beautiful glossy pink, clean and dazzling.") In Hite's first book, only 30% of the women said they could reach orgasm through intercourse alone, without manual or oral stimulation. In this book most men maintain that intercourse is enough for female orgasm. One explanation for the discrepancy: most men admit that they are not sure when female orgasm occurs and are anxious and insecure about it.

MICHAEL WITTE

In the portions of the book devoted to analysis, about 50 pages in all, Hite persistently applies a hard-line feminist interpretation. Most sexual problems and sexual differences, she argues, are the result of the "patriarchal culture," the age-old male suppression of women. Men like to have intercourse not because of biology, but because they are "brought up to feel that a vital part of being a man is to orgasm in a vagina." Men like pornography and seem to want sex more than women because of "cultural pressure." Rape, claims Hite, did not always exist; it too is a cultural manifestation, unknown until the advent of a society in which men began to feel that they should dominate women and began to see intercourse as a symbol of "acceptance and masculine status." Around 2,500 years ago, the patriarchy arbitrarily connected sex with reproduction, she believes, in an effort to control women and increase the race.

Such muzzy notions—Hite even thinks Adam and Eve were expelled from Eden for "Eve's sexuality and 'desire for carnal knowledge' "—color the end of most chapters of the book. Moreover, Hite keeps hinting that men should give up intercourse altogether. The reason: the erect penis, she thinks, is the symbol of the patriarchy, and the acceptance of it in intercourse by women is actually a symbolic acceptance of male dominance. "Intercourse," she writes, "is at once one of the most beautiful and at the same time most oppressive and exploitative acts of our society . . . without it there could be no patriarchy." Though Hite finally shrinks from the unthinkable—very few bestselling sex books come out against intercourse—she does seem to warm to the men in her survey who do not like intercourse or who cannot achieve it.

The men in Hite's survey had to cope with some barely scrutable ideological questions. Among them: "Is sex political?" (no statistics listed), "Do you like intercourse?" (99% said yes) and "Can you enjoy sex without an orgasm?" (83% no). Even so, Hite laments "the tradition of women's availability to men for orgasm inside the vagina."

Hite's analysis, in fact, is jarringly out of sync with what her correspondents are telling her. Far from sounding like chest-thumping heirs to the patriarchy, the men seem uncertain and eager for sexual equality. Most men, Hite found, are repelled by machismo, oppose casual encounters (even a one-night stand should have some emotional connection) and value the closeness of sex. Says one man: "Intercourse makes me feel human. It brings a closeness with my wife which is very consoling—a confidential feeling."

Most married men in the survey like being married, and most single men plan to marry. Though Hite writes in the opening of the book that "relationships between men are 'what matters' to men in a patriarchal society," the men clearly disagree. Most say that friendships with men are nowhere near as fulfilling as a sexual relationship with a woman they love, and an overwhelming majority say they feel closer to women and more comfortable with them than with other men. Writes one: "I find it hard to talk to men. It is difficult for a man to establish a trust in another man. But I am not afraid to bare my soul to someone I do trust or know, like my lover."

Occasionally Hite descends from the soapbox long enough to notice what her men are saying. "The basic feeling that comes through," she writes, "is that men

THOMAS VICTOR

Author Hite in Manhattan last week

Assault on "patriarchal culture."

feel they are not getting enough love, affection or appreciation." But that concession is immediately followed by yet another bizarre theory: many men seek sex outside marriage because they come to think of their wives as their mothers, and the incest taboo obviously inhibits sex with mothers.

In person, Hite sounds less obsessed with the patriarchy than she does in print. "Men are supposed to have been getting the best of all possible worlds sexually," she says. "Maybe that's not true. They have so many conflicts at the moment about who they are, who they should be in relationship to women, what sex means to them—all of that. They might be going through a period of rethinking."

Before turning to her sex surveys, Hite, 38, worked her way through the University of Florida, earning a B.A. and an M.A. in history. She worked briefly toward a Ph.D. at Columbia University, then caught on as a model at the Wilhelmina agency in New York City, often posing for lingerie ads. Raunchy pictures of her turned up in *Oui* in 1972 and *Hustler* in 1977—the latter dug out of old files after the publication of the first book. Says Hite: "I was very, very poor at the time." In 1972, she approached the National Organization for Women with the idea for the first Hite report, offering a share of her profits in exchange for the right to send out her questionnaires under the NOW letterhead. In 1978, the New York chapter of NOW sued her, claiming that she had never come through with any money. The case was dropped last August, and Hite agreed out of court to contribute $30,000.

Hite is not finished with litigation. She is suing Macmillan, charging that she has so far received only $145,000 (including her $20,000 advance) of the $850,000 due her for Hite One, all because she was foolish enough to sign a clause limiting her royalties to $25,000 a year, without interest. Complains Hite: "It's a tax-free, interest-free, eternal loan" to the publisher. Hite's next project, which may not carry her out of the realm of ideology: a book on adolescent boys and girls. —*By John Leo*

Sport

"He Just Dragged Me Out Front"

An obscure colt upsets a famed favorite in the Belmont

One gray, rainy dawn last week, a virtually unknown colt named Summing started the slow walk from the barn on the backstretch at New York's Belmont Park. Ominous clouds were lowering as Summing jogged onto the training track. Then an exercise rider set him down on the rail, and Summing began to run. Railbirds could not believe their eyes, and the track's clockers stared at their watches in amazement. The bay colt pounded through the mist at a sizzling pace, and when he flashed past the mile pole Summing had set a new training track record, 1 min. 37⅘ sec. Four days later, Summing proved that his startling workout was no fluke. He won the Belmont Stakes in convincing style to crush the Triple Crown hopes of Kentucky Derby and Preakness Winner Pleasant Colony, who finished third. Instead of becoming the twelfth Triple Crown champion, Pleasant Colony is now the tenth horse to win the first two legs of the Crown only to be beaten in the Belmont.

Summing's mere presence in the race was almost as surprising as his victory. His early-winter performances this racing season had been so unimpressive that at one point, he was dropped from stakes competition and entered in a simple allowance race. Then it was discovered that Summing was suffering from a blood infection, and he was forced to skip the Derby and the Preakness. Two weeks before the Belmont, he traveled to Keystone Race Track near Philadelphia for the Pennsylvania Derby. A solid win there convinced Trainer Luis Barrera to try for the Belmont.

Though no one doubted Summing's speed, the colt benefited most from an unusually slow pace during the early stages of the race. Jockeys, fearful of spending their horses too early over the grueling 1½ mile distance ambled through the first three-quarters of a mile in a somnolent 1 min. 14⅘ sec. By that time, Jockey George Martens, 22, had Summing snugged into the rail, running easily on the lead under a tight rein. Martens, content to rock along, peered over his shoulder repeatedly, looking for a challenge from Pleasant Colony. Finally, as the horses headed into the home stretch, Summing would wait no longer. He burst into a four-length lead. Said Martens: "He just dragged me out front." When Pleasant Colony finally made his move, it was too little, too late. Highland Blade closed to finish second by a neck, and Pleasant Colony was fading as he came to the wire 1½ lengths behind the leader. Summing, who paid $17.80 to win, finished in 2 min. 29 sec., one of the slower times in the 113-year history of the Belmont.

Owner Charles T. Wilson Jr., a Mexico City businessman, did not know that his colt would even be entered in the Belmont until Barrera told him of his plans after the Pennsylvania Derby. Said Wilson: "I've been in racing long enough to try to be dumb about these things. An owner's principal function is to pay his bills." With a fat Belmont purse of $170,580 safely tucked away, paying the bills will be no problem. ■

AP

Summing leads Highland Blade and Pleasant Colony across the finish line

A slow pace and a field of rival jockeys who made their moves too late.

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